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The Week

NEWS of political changes in Germany is of deep interest, but there is a deeper interest, and that is the movement for peace. The German Government has never stated its terms. When President Wilson last year asked both groups of belligerents to set forth the conditions on which they would end the war, the Allies made a specific reply, but Germany did not. The Allied terms were not then entirely satisfactory, and time has not improved their appeal. In fact, some of their stipulations have since been tacitly withdrawn, or openly repudiated, as by Russia the demand for Constantinople. The whole scheme is now admitted to need recasting, and the Allies expect soon to have a conference to do the work. But the point to bear in mind is that even an unsatisfactory statement of peace terms is better than no statement at all; and the German Government has not yet mentioned a single condition in precise language. It may be said that we had something definite in the Reichstag resolution of last month. This favored peace without annexations and without "economic violations"—whatever that may mean. But this appearance of something concrete was at once made foggy. The new Chancellor declared that, in behalf of the Government, he accepted the resolution "as I understand it." This was a good deal like Andrew Jackson undertaking to enforce the Constitution only as he interpreted it. And Chancellor Michaelis went on to speak of the need of making German frontiers "secure," in a way to intimate that, after all, under that head all sorts of annexations might be included. One of Germany's allies, moreover, Bulgaria, has since come out with the strongest kind of demands for new territory. The net effect of the assertions of Bulgarian statesmen is to confirm the evasiveness of the whole position thus far of the Teutonic Alliance on the subject of peace.

GERMANY'S silence really cannot continue if she expects mankind to believe her sincere. A mere general attitude of willingness to negotiate will not do. The former Chancellor, like the new one, along with the Kaiser, has dwelt upon the magnanimous gesture for peace which Germany made last December. But from the beginning the vice of that was its indefiniteness. The Allies were to trust the German Government to be generous and to act in good faith! But that was exactly the thing which experience had taught them it was not safe to do. Here all along has been an enormous obstacle to peace negotiations. A Government which had shown that it did not respect law and recognized the force of no moral obligations, could not expect other countries to treat with it blindly. They must first have down in black and white what is proposed. When Napoleon III was captured at Sedan and the Empire was replaced by the French Republic, Bismarck was at first much disquieted. He was afraid that he could find no Government in France to deal with. But a feeble and uncertain Government is no harder to enter into relations with than one which has made it clear that it does not have the same legal and moral standards as others. In the case of Germany it has been a great barrier to peace that she had no Government in whose plighted faith the rest of the world believed that it could confide.

THE apparently deliberate dropping of bombs on the American hospitals at Verdun is so grave an offence against the laws of war and humanity that it would seem to call for immediate inquiry by our Government. These hospitals are, it is true, under the French army control, but they are manned by some of our most distinguished surgeons, Dr. George Brewer at their head, and the nursing service is performed by American women. Under the circumstances it would seem as if an official report from Gen. Pershing should be called for at once and the facts given to the press as soon as possible. If they are as represented they should be laid before Berlin by the aid of a neutral Government. While the Germans have been sinking hospital ships until an agreement with Great Britain was reached recently, it has been commonly believed that they had no intention of carrying on such fiendishness ashore. This is the opportune time to lay this Verdun case before Dr. von Kühlemann, the new Foreign Secretary. In his utterance of last week he piously talked about "studying our relations with our enemies," following their psychology and not antagonizing any other neutrals. No child need study anybody's psychology to learn that crimes like these inflame the war-spirit of Germany's enemies, rouse the disgust and resentment of all neutrals, and tarnish the German name beyond hope of redemption during the lives of men and women who think.

THE popular game of unmasking the real enemy of the Central Powers is still going on in the Teutonic press. On Mondays the real enemy is Russia, whose deposed Czar forced France into the war for the extension of Russian power in the Balkans and Asia. On Tuesday the real enemy is France, whose criminal ambitions on the Rhine are the whip which drives the reluctant revolutionary masses of Russia to battle. On Wednesday the real enemy is England, which is bleeding France of her manhood to promote British imperialism. Now the game has become more interesting with the advent of America, whom the *Neue Freie Presse* discovers to be the real menace, not only to the Teutonic Powers, but to the Allies. "If the British Empire allows itself to be rescued by America, it would descend from its powerful height. America would spring on Britain." The latter is therefore solemnly warned to bring the war to an end before the Americans "have an opportunity to swagger across Europe." Does it ever occur to the German mind that this catspaw argument proves a little too much? If France is playing England's game, and Russia is playing France's game, and England is playing America's game, and America is fighting England's battles, doesn't it prove that there is pretty good team work within the ranks of the Entente?

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FROM the burden of Premier Kerensky's speech at the opening session of the National Council at Moscow it is evident that no insuperable obstacles stand in the way of a reconciliation between the responsible elements among the Socialists and the Progressive parties, for common defence against Socialist extremists on the one hand and a possible monarchist reaction on the other. Two factors have brought about the estrangement of the Liberal middle classes which has threatened the ruin of the revolution. One was the Maximalist agitation in the army with its results in mutiny and retreat. The other was the sudden assertion of separatist tendencies which in a few weeks produced the independence of Finland and the declaration of an autonomous Ukraine. From the severity of Kerensky's denunciation of the latter tendency it is plain that the separatist movement is regarded as almost as dangerous to the cause of Russian freedom as the troubles in the army. More than an army mutiny, the visible loss of vast stretches of national territory with a population of tens of millions would be seized upon by the reactionary forces as proof that the revolution means national dissolution. This is why Kerensky was so bitter towards Finland. That country had nothing but the most considerate treatment to expect from the new régime. Even the question of independence might have been discussed after the war. But Finland chose to coin her own advantage out of the present situation to the great peril of revolutionary Russia as a whole, with the result that Kerensky now threatens military coercion. Upon this programme the non-Socialist parties will stand solidly behind him.

THE tone of the Italian reports on the battles of the Isonzo ranges from one of quiet confidence in the war bulletins proper to one of exultant anticipation of victory in the official comment on the bulletins. If it be true that the fall of the Hermada Heights, covering the coast route to Trieste, is imminent, the direct siege of Austria's principal port should be within sight. Gen. Cadorna, the only one of the European commanders-in-chief who have stood the test of battle from the beginning, is conducting a complicated operation, for a parallel to which we must go back to the battle of the Marne and the German campaigns in Russia and Rumania, though with the difference that Cadorna is now attacking by sea as well as by land. The Italian reports speak of the employment against the flanks of Hermada of monitors with guns outranging anything at the disposal of the Austrian navy. Apparently there is now being tried out in the Adriatic the method which the aggressive school of British naval critics has been calling for against the German coast defences in Belgium. As compared with the Italian stroke of early summer on the Carso, the present battle is the more sustained and carefully prepared operation. The earlier battle was a short dash which gained some ground, but at a loss of prisoners which balanced the captures from the Austrians. To-day the score in prisoners is strongly against the Austrians, and the strategic value of territory gained is incomparably greater.

THE Austrian Emperor's plain determination to find the solution of his country's difficulties in a Federal system for Austria-Hungary's component nationalities has again, though indirectly, been evidenced by his proclamation of amnesty for all political offenders. The decree is in general terms, but plainly intended to benefit the Czechs who have protested most during the war against political injustices, and therefore have suffered most from the tribunals. As long ago as last April, soon after his coronation, Kaiser Karl intimated that his would be a policy of conciliation towards his polyglot subjects, and talked about an extension of the franchise. The release of Czech agitators, more especially of the leaders, Kramarcz and Klofac, must mean that he has about made up his mind to proceed with his programme of local autonomy for Bohemia. By a system of federalization he hopes the Entente Powers will be converted from their original intention of dismembering Austria. Naturally, the German element protests vehemently against his threat to German racial hegemony. The press of Germany backs the outcry vigorously. Of what use will be the whole war if it results in an Austria predominantly and hostilely Slav and Magyar? What will become of the road to Bagdad? Germany is learning, in bitterness, what all the other belligerents are learning, that this war is finally to spell benefit to the small nationalities. The longer it lasts, the less the quantitative idea in nationality gains, and the more the qualitative grows and flourishes.

OUR progress in shipbuilding is measured by comparing the estimates the Shipping Board has submitted to the Treasury as the basis of a request for a huge new appropriation with the statement submitted by Gen. Goethals July 13. Not many more contracts have been actually let; Goethals reported 425, and the Board reports 433. But Goethals spoke in addition of having contracts "under negotiation" for 100 ships; the Shipping Board now speaks of having ready to let contracts for 452 ships and of having under negotiation contracts for 237 more, while it further asks provision for 150 miscellaneous vessels for which presumably contracts have not been prepared. The horizon in shipbuilding is expanding with a rapidity of which we should not have dreamed a year ago. The programme of Gen. Goethals seemed huge in providing for a new merchant marine, including commandeered vessels, of not less than six million tons. That of which the Shipping Board speaks provides for hardly less than ten million tons. Objections may develop on fiscal and other grounds to parts of this programme, and it is not one that can be executed in the space of months. The ships built for foreign account which we are commandeering ought in equity to be returned to foreign account when the war ends. But we may feel sure that, so far as the vision and ambition of the Shipping Board can go to give us a great merchant marine, we shall have it.

AS no provocation could justify the crimes committed by mutinous negro soldiers at Houston, Texas, so no condemnation of their conduct can be too severe. It may be that the local authorities were not wholly blameless, and that the commanding officers were at fault in not foreseeing the trouble and taking steps to guard against it. But nothing can really palliate the offence of the soldiers. They were false to their uniform; they were false to their race. In one sense, this is the most deplorable aspect of the whole riotous outbreak. It will play straight into the hands of men like Senator Vardaman who have been saying that it was dangerous to draft colored men into the army.

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And the feeling against having colored troops encamped in the South will be intensified. The grievous harm which they might do to their own people should have been all along in the mind of the colored soldiers, and made them doubly circumspect. They were under special obligation, in addition to their military oath, to conduct themselves so as not to bring reproach upon the negroes as a whole, of whom they were in a sort representatives. Their criminal outrage will tend to make people forget the good work done by other negro soldiers. After the rigid investigation which the War Department has ordered, the men found guilty should receive the severest punishment. As for the general army policy affecting colored troops, we are glad to see that Secretary Baker appears to intend no change in his recent orders.

TEXAS is paying the penalty of electing as Governor a reckless cattleman who, under the sobriquet of "Farmer Jim," ran on a demagogic ticket that "took in" the voting masses. The bill of impeachment presented last Thursday will uncomfortably remind Pennsylvania and New York of charges against Brumbaugh and Sulzer; but it includes more counts than misappropriation of funds. Months ago the charge that the Governor had spent for groceries money appropriated for the Executive Mansion was brought up in the Legislature, the Governor was censured, and he promised to repay. Further misappropriation of State funds is now alleged; and the Governor has confessed that, although he knew of the law forbidding any incorporated bank to lend any one more than 30 per cent. of its capital, he borrowed from the Temple State Bank more than its whole capital stock and surplus. But equally grave are the charges that the Governor unlawfully set out to wreck the State University to gratify personal prejudice—a University of which Texans are justly proud. "Farmer Jim" believes it is wasteful to spend millions educating 5,000 students when the money could be used for the general benefit of the elementary schools; and he so disliked certain teachers that he declared that, unless they were removed, he would start "the biggest bear fight ever pulled off in Texas." His attempted veto of every item of the University appropriations roused a community which might have consented to his patching up any proved financial irregularities. Thinking Texans, if they see any outrage in the fact that "the State has spent seven millions on the University in thirty-five years," see it in the smallness of that amount.

THE resignation of Robert Rogers from the Canadian Cabinet reflects the dissatisfaction of a large group of Conservatives with what they regard as the Premier's temporizing with conscription. The Conscription bill was, in complete form, enacted August 18. Meanwhile, the Government is undoubtedly anxious to show such caution and yet make such alliances with conscriptionist Liberals as will strengthen it for the coming general election. Rogers, with seventy-one Conservative members who recently signed a "testimonial" drawn by him, is eager to have conscription put through at once—"negotiations or no negotiations, union Government or no union Government." Others, with perhaps Borden, seem to wish to delay operation of the act until the result of the election gives or refuses a mandate; or at least to carry it only to the exemption stage, where it can be made plain that large classes of farmers, miners, and factory and transportation workers will be excused. Also, Rogers's group wishes to carry through a drastic election bill disfranchising all aliens and their children for a number of years. The split seems to make remoter the chances of immediate application of conscription, and will weaken the Government in the election.

THE linguistic mystery attaching to the Pope's peace note has not yet been solved by any means. Persons professing to be up on things diplomatic are of opinion that, as a matter of course, it was written originally in French, and then done over into the hippopotamean English by aid of which it first floundered out upon the public. But the internal evidence points the other way. Nobody but a college freshman could have struggled so unsuccessfully with a crystal-clear medium like French. Also only an under-secretary long out of Harrow, who had always used an "interlinear" anyway, could have made such heavy work of his Holiness's polished periods. For if there is one thing more than another that Catholic prelates can do it is to write exquisite Latin. And if there is one thing less than another that a public-school or college graduate usually can do, it is to translate passably anything further up in the hierarchy of difficulty than Cæsar. Hence the note must originally, by psychological analysis, have been in Latin; also by proof of such patent Latinisms as "We have not ceased to exhort the peoples," and "Toward the end of the war we addressed to the nations in conflict most lively exhortations." The whole smacks of the third form. Was a third-form punishment promptly meted out to the perpetrator of the villanous distortion of a tremendously important original? Five hundred lines, or even the end of a rod in pickle, might not have been considered too severe. Naturally the croakers will say: "See what you have done by abolishing the classics! You have endangered world peace."

THE wiping out of a whole continent by Macmillan when he established that Crocker Land did not exist will not cause any international complications. The resulting situation will not have to be discussed at any peace conference. The world, contrary to every current conviction, has a good deal too much land now as it is. There are a number of little bits of it, 'twould be invidious to mention names, which, if they disappeared to-morrow, sunk out of sight like Crocker Land or ancient Lyonesse, would "certainly not be missed." In fact, just the reverse is the case. The absence of various little mountain-scarred principalities, the destruction of one or two straits, the dropping out of sight of a couple of little border counties, and the opening up of the sea in several places between inimical nations, could only add to the peace of the world. Unfortunately the existence of these geographical features has for centuries been an established fact. Cæsar, Tacitus, Hadrian, and Julian the Apostate discovered and rediscovered them, and several thousand years of bloodshed have made them terrible facts in the history of mankind, facts to be faced. It is too late to declare them out of existence, as Macmillan has just done with Crocker Land. But the discoverer might be dispatched to Africa, where things are as yet not so geographically clear, to wipe out a lot of potential trouble. Not more but less land should be the world's rallying cry.

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Defeated German Militarism

BY this title we do not mean the German armies, but the military caste that dominates them, and notably the General Staff. We doubt if it is fully realized in this country how extraordinary is the loss of prestige which has come to them. Even were the war to end now in what is called "a German peace," the controlling German military clique would have received a blow from which it could never recover—and we are happy to believe that its prestige will be still further shattered when the real peace terms are signed. These great experts, the tradition of whose superhuman wisdom in war has now been destroyed, because of their blunders, stupidities, and crimes, can never be restored to the position held by them on August 1, 1914. They may talk as they please about the wonders they have accomplished in holding off all the world, and recite again the extent of the conquered territory, but when the German people come to sit down in cold blood after the war and review just what has taken place, they cannot but see their military rulers for what they are and not for the demigods that the popular obsession made them.

Their initial blunder was, of course, invading Belgium—the most colossal military blunder in history. It is of the kind that military men are likely to make when they receive a free hand in international policies. It may fairly be argued that the German armies could have pushed over Verdun with their great artillery and their masses of men, and so not have involved England in the war. Had Verdun been the objective of a sudden rush, with 42-centimetre guns, it must have gone down like Liège. But, even granting that from a strictly military point of view, leaving out the question of morals and good faith and the antagonism of the whole world, the Prussians were right in going through Belgium, how can they possibly excuse their failure to take Ypres and the Narrows of the Channel in the first month? This was "a suicidal mistake," in the opinion of Mr. Sidebotham, the critic of the *Manchester Guardian*. Calais could have been seized with a corporal's guard at that time. Where was the all-knowing Great General Staff then? Its blunder at that time may have had a good deal to do with the retirement of von Moltke as Chief of Staff. It is, moreover, impossible to explain away the defeat at the Marne by the pretence that Germany was fighting against the whole world. Von Kluck has had the manliness to admit that the Germans lost the battle through no fluke, but by being outgeneralled and outfought. Probably only the Germans themselves understood how near the defeat came to being a complete disaster.

While it is true that there have been no such military blunders by Germans as the British made in the Dardanelles and in Mesopotamia, their errors of international strategy have been far worse. These it is not necessary to enumerate; it is sufficient merely to mention the Lusitania and the bringing of the United States into the war by the ruthless submarine policy. There is a well-founded story that at the State Council at which this latter policy was decided on, every civilian official voted against it, but that von Hindenburg and Ludendorff insisted upon it as essential to the winning of the war. Apparently the second thought has come in Berlin, if we may judge by von Kühlmann's statement that Germany must now study the psychology of other nations. If the omniscient German General Staff had had a psychological department it would have saved itself much trouble and would not be to-day among the most detested of existing institutions.

At least one man ought to discard these military experts, and that is the Kaiser. They lured or forced him into the war. They and he and the diplomats entirely miscalculated England's course. They had no adequate knowledge of British military and industrial resources and failed to realize what power lay behind the "contemptible little army." Finally, they made the huge mistake of overestimating what the submarine could do to England in a given time, and so drew America into the war, with her power to shut off food from Germany's neighboring neutrals. When German tongues are at last loosed, and the Hardens and Liebknechts are free to write again, what a damning indictment of the General Staff will they not draw up?

Perhaps only those who have been much in Germany can understand what all this will mean to the military when the war is over. Never was there a people more certain that it had a sacred institution incapable of going wrong. It was so far above the plebs that no one could approach it without a bow. The year 1870-71 stamped it and all Germany as unconquerable. Being superior to every other class, the military could sabre lame cobblers or run through civilians who accidentally jostled them, and then receive telegrams of congratulations from royalty for so doing. The survivors of this caste have been in the trenches with millions who have surely discovered that they are but human. If when peace comes they again attempt to swagger and play the military tyrant as if final arbiters of German destinies, they will, we are confident, find that a new Germany confronts them. By that time, the General Staff will include many who have risen from the ranks, and who are free from the snobbishness and arrogance of Germany's military men of the past. What the world hopes is that the outcome of the war will mean the ending of the whole military caste.

"Treason" on the Street Corners

COMMISSIONER WOODS'S letter to Col. Roosevelt, in reply to the Colonel's protest against the kind of disloyal street oratory which takes the form of an attack on the "Allies" and in particular Great Britain, should induce a little more caution in flinging about charges of treason and sedition, especially when the accusation is directed against the humble soap-box exhorter. Mr. Woods asks us to recall that treason is a very serious—and very rare—crime under the Constitution and the Federal statute. Its punishment is death, and the Federal authorities have consequently let it be known that the courts will bestir themselves to deal only with the gravest cases. In the absence of Federal legislation defining minor degrees of sedition and disloyalty, the Police Department is compelled to fall back on the ordinary provisions against incitement to public disorder and resistance to law. That is the sane position to take. The war has not abrogated the right of free speech. In the case of the *Masses* the clear distinction was made by Judge Hand between legitimate protest against a law of the land and incitement to its violation. And, though in this specific instance Judge Hand's decision was overruled, the action was based on a different interpretation of the state of facts and not on the principle itself.

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After all, there is but one way of appraising the peril arising from the preachment of "treason" and "sedition"; and that is by its results. In New York no evidence has been forthcoming that anti-war utterances have eventuated in unlawful opposition to the Government. What we have been beholding since the declaration of war against Germany has been the steady functioning of the machinery of preparation for war without popular hindrance. The registration under the Draft law was carried out without a hitch. The selection of the new armies is now being made without a single instance, in this great community, of attempted resistance. The Irish enemies of Great Britain on the Broadway corners have been working under full steam, but at the same time the young Americans of Irish birth have been answering the call of the Exemption Boards, and an Irish regiment of the National Guard is among the first to be designated for service abroad.

What makes the problem of the street forum peculiarly one to be handled with discrimination is that the corner propagandist represents the right of free speech in its most obvious and elemental form, and at the same time in its least dangerous form. "Treason" and "sedition" call up the vision of subterranean forces and midnight conspiracies, of wicked subornations and corruptions, of organized menace against the safety of these United States. But there is nothing secret, nothing subtly perilous, in the loud utterances of ancient animosities against Great Britain in Broadway and its environs. Given the existence of an anti-war sentiment in New York which it would be idle to overlook, given the existence of a very strong anti-British feeling among certain sections of the population, it is best perhaps to let such feeling vent itself frankly under the open sky. This is no time to discard from democracy the safety-valve of free criticism. But more than that, any policy of repression directed against the Lenines of the soap-box is discrimination against the plain citizen, while tolerating the utterance of just the same sentiments in certain press organs under the very thinnest of disguises. Postmaster-General Burleson has come down on the *Masses* for preaching very much the same doctrine that appears in widely circulated newspapers under a very obvious *camouflage* of patriotic mottoes and American flags scattered over the editorial page. There can be no comparison between the street orator and such press propaganda in its capacity for mischief; and the merit of frankness is all one way.

Essentially, the problem of anti-war criticism in the open is one to be dealt with according to the specific fact. Congress and the country rejected the attempt to establish a censorship in the absence of any demonstrated need. We believe that no need has been proved of a Federal law against "seditious" utterances such as Commissioner Woods mentions as the preliminary to proceeding against the corner orators. The perils of abuse inherent in such a law are so manifest that a much more serious case must be made out of the effective lending of aid and comfort to the enemy. In the meanwhile it is for the Police Department to hold to the rule laid down by Mr. Woods, to take action only when anti-British criticism translates itself into public disorder. The speaker who was arrested for declaring that he was "against sending soldiers to France to fight England's battles" misrepresented this country's aims and motives. We are in the war for something more than England's advantage. But the speaker was giving utterance to one of the stock formulas of war discussion; something far less capable of stirring the pulses of his audience than the arrest of the man himself.

Wealth and Patriotism

INTO Senator La Follette's financial argument, on the Revenue bill, we do not propose to enter at present. Just how high the war-profits tax should be, just what the supertax on incomes ought to be, may fairly be debated. The Wisconsin Senator threw little light on the real questions involved. It is obvious that he is principally interested in increasing deposits in what Burke called the Bank of Discontent—so as to furnish in the future a fund upon which La Follette may draw to further his political ambitions. But passing all this, we wish to bring to the test of fact the general assertion which he made. It is couched in the following words:

> Wealth has never yet sacrificed itself on the altar of patriotism in any war. On the contrary, it has ever shown itself eager to take advantage of the misfortunes which war always brings to the masses of the people. That has been true of every war we have had in this country, and of every war in Europe of which I have any knowledge.

Of course, Senator La Follette is in this talking pure abstractions. "Wealth" is, for him, a kind of impersonal bogey. It would have been much the same thing if he had said: "Ogres and Octopuses never sacrificed themselves on the altar of patriotism." He has framed for himself a horrible conception which he calls "wealth." He might just as well have called it "damnation." It is simply a word for him to curse with. But a Senator less metaphysical than La Follette, one more accustomed to inquire into realities and come somewhere within a thousand miles of the facts, would know that abstractions like wealth and greed and envy and cruelty do not exist apart from human beings. We have to deal with men—the rich man, the greedy man, the envious man, the cruel man. And the moment we translate Senator La Follette's Accursed Thing into the actual truth of life, we see that his assertion is at once ludicrously false and slanderous. Even he would not be capable of standing up and declaring in the Senate that rich men have never sacrificed themselves on the altar of patriotism. That would be to defile the memory of a long list of wealthy American patriots, from George Washington down.

Testing the matter by the present war, a little scrutiny of the facts would show that the well-to-do classes have come forward with as great a readiness as any other class—probably with a greater readiness—to offer their labor and their lives to the service of the Government. Let us say nothing of the large number of rich men in various parts of the country who are giving their time and talents freely to war-work. Consider the question only of military service. We venture to say that, if accurate figures could be given of enlistments in the regular army and the navy and the militia, it would be found that the proportion of young men who have gone out from homes of comfort would be far larger than any other. Suppose Senator La Follette were to stop to ask what has occurred in American colleges. The majority of the students come from the upper-middle class or the outright rich. Yet these pampered sons of wealth have offered themselves *en masse*. And what has been done in the colleges has been done in every city in the land.

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So exceptional is the wealthy "slacker" that when one is discovered here and there, as over in New Jersey a week or two ago, the press makes it a matter of wonder as well as reproach. Everybody with any range of acquaintance must know of young men who have enlisted, or waived exemption in the draft, explicitly on the ground that their independent means placed a special obligation upon them to serve their country. La Follette may rail at unpatriotic "wealth" to his heart's content, but if he had dared to say that rich fathers and mothers were not giving their boys freely, and were not themselves asking eagerly how they can help to win the war, he would have uttered an untruth too palpable and gross for even his credulity.

All the known facts, both here and abroad, give Senator La Follette flat contradiction. In England there has been heard complaint that the wealthy classes and the aristocracy made the war, but not the most unblushing Radical haranguing in Trafalgar Square has dreamed of asserting that the rich were not doing their part in the war. In fact, they have offered their lives and shed their blood more freely, in proportion, than any other class. Their best have gone to the front, and many of them have left their bones there. Noble families have often lost heirs to the name and second sons. Wealth may be accused of many things, but it cannot be said that rich men will not fight and die for their country. They have always done it, despite La Follette's ignorant appeal to history, and they are doing it to-day.

Regulating the Price of Coal

CONTROL of the mine-price of anthracite, achieved some time ago by agreement between operators and the Federal Trade Commission, was easy because of the limited extent of the industry, its comparatively centralized organization, and the data the Government had acquired on costs. The main anthracite fields cover less than 500 square miles; soft coal in Pennsylvania alone covers an area greater than Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Delaware combined. Our vast bituminous region is spread over much of the country from Pittsburgh to central Alabama, from Wheeling to the upper Missouri and Oklahoma. The variety of quality, of mining conditions, of transportation facilities, seems in detail almost endless; and the number of operators is so great that binding "agreements" are impossible. The President's order giving priority to bituminous shipments to the Great Lakes was a simple step, following action of the sort by the railways' own War Board. His order fixing mine-prices affects the whole country. It is acclaimed in the Middle West by those who desire both steam coal and domestic fuel. The industries of the East see in it, as the *Iron Age* points out, the promise of great relief. It affects domestic users of anthracite in the East, for the high price of soft coal has lately forced some Eastern plants to use anthracite coal in producing steam.

The feebleness of the operators' protests was not unexpected. After the Trade Commission's reports that the prices of soft coal had been unjustifiable, after the admissions of some of the operators, and after the testimony brought out by tribunals of the Western States, a slashing reduction had become inevitable. The high prices last spring bred a discontent that, as investigation proceeded, grew to especially great proportions in the Middle West. The operators contend that there should have been "hearings," but the Trade Commission had made a searching study which is a sufficient basis for immediate action. The President speaks of the price as "provisional," and where hearings are necessary to revise them they will be arranged. We shall undoubtedly have a statement soon of the method of fixing prices of coal, and it will be a method fair to mines run in different regions, different veins, by different machinery, and under different labor conditions. What is called the "Government pool" method would give Washington a bookkeeping control of the coal on its way from mine to consumer. The "top cost" method would fix the price in each district according to the cost of production at the most expensive mine. There are other methods. Even individual mines may have to be considered.

Meanwhile, hearings in the Middle West, and prices in recent years, indicate that the average $2 rate fixed is not too low. The Illinois Council of Defence has just estimated costs there at $1.30 to $1.40 per ton for mine run, $1.50 to $1.55 per ton for prepared coal, and less than $1 per ton for screenings. The operators' own statement before Judge Carter of costs of production was $1.75 a ton for mine run, and this allowed for amortization, capital-interest, and mine depletion. At St. Louis a large operator has testified that coal can be mined at $1.35 and sold in the city at $1.90. The minimum cost price of coal to Indianapolis dealers last April, May, and June was $1.35 to $1.65. In 1910, Pennsylvania soft coal was worth $2.50 a ton in New York Harbor, and Virginia Pocahontas coal sold at $2.15 at Hampton Roads, where its marine use was extensive; the cost of transportation is of course included here, and these are the finest grades of coal. The operators have some justice in their contention that labor and material cost more, but this increase can account for little of the high prices recently asked. Exports of coal have not greatly increased. The argument that operators must make up now for lean years aforetime is common, but there is no evidence that before 1914 they were facing bankruptcy.

It will be hard to make sure that mine prices are not so low as to drive needed mines out of business. Many "snowbirds," or temporary and poor mines, have been opened under the war's stress, and in some cases are needed as long as the emergency lasts. In other cases their labor would be better in efficient under-manned collieries. The variety of mine-run prices presents another complexity, in that it makes imperative Government action in following coal through to the consumer. Unless supervision is provided, a low-cost ton may be retailed at the price proper only for the high-cost ton. Moreover, it has been shown that even if a uniform price—quality considered—could be fixed by the Government, many retailers are not to be trusted. They will seize every opportunity to advance prices unjustly on the ground of shortage, or scarcity of labor. The President has promised action to control prices in the hands of middlemen and retailers.

Behind and connected with the problem of price-fixing will always loom the gigantic task of regulating transportation. The entire wheat crop weighs little more than half as much as the coal output of Illinois, and the entire cotton crop weighs only one-eighth the coal imported by New England. The normal balance of transportation in America is approximated when out of every 100 tons of originating freight 35 are of coal, as against 44 of manufactures and

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foodstuffs. Transportation on the Great Lakes has been disorganized by unprecedented commercial conditions, and the railways' burden is still further increased. England, France, Russia, and Germany have preceded us in taking drastic action. We shall require all our ingenuity to meet the problem in America.

Openings

THE science of "openings" has nowhere been sufficiently developed except in the ancient game of chess. Yet starting something other than trouble proves usually the most difficult part of life, and calls for the exercise of the greatest tact. Archimedes implied this when he said: "Give me a fulcrum and I'll boost the world with a lever." The after-dinner orator clears his throat, but, even after the third repetition of this process, he finds himself no nearer a witty beginning. Such phrases as "It can no longer be denied," "Chief among the arguments for," or "We are not aware that, under the circumstances," and other similar word-handles certainly help an editorial writer to overcome the inertia of his grindstone, but in a mechanical way only. They do not go far enough.

Rules have been laid down for novelists which are, on the whole, skimpy and insufficient. Horace's famous advice was that people should plunge into the heart of things, and then, when they had their reader's interest all tied up in the story's breathless knot, go back, and, with tantalizing deliberation, tell about the hero's home folks and the one-horse Trojan town he hailed from. This is the " 'Hands up!' cried Devil Dick, as he sprang out at Red Johnston" beginning. Then what of the old-fashioned opening, which has regained its adherents among such talented authors as Butler, Bennett, and France, "One late October afternoon, in the year one thousand one hundred and twenty-seven, a lone cavalier was seen"——?

The fact is that the true philosophy of breaking the ice, without, at the same time, falling into the water, needs further study. There must be some underlying theory which can be applied equally by the young man who is about to offer his life's devotion to a certain young lady and the young man who is about to canvass a rich but hasty old prospect for insurance. Bergson should be apprised of the urgency of this problem. Innumerable occasions demand imperatively a fundamental rule, or rules. For it may be that a whole series of alternative beginnings can be discovered. Bergson's Gambit, Shaw's Guard, or the Maurice Maeterlinck may figure largely in a book of premises upon which humanity shall base its proceedings hereafter. Among openings to be strenuously avoided, naturally, would be mentioned the Kaiser's Attack, the Bethmann-Hollweg's Defence, and the Eucken-Haeckel-Ostwald Gambol. A considerable course of experiments might profitably be conducted in order to ascertain the psychological effect of each new theory.

Probably the first rule in the "Opener's Primer" will be: "Know what it is you are opening, a can of sardines or of dynamite." The most successful beginnings have ended abruptly just because of ignorance of this rule. A notable instance was prominently called to mankind's attention some three years ago. "Do not stutter when you have once made up your mind to begin," would be rule two. People are impatient. If you are a playwright, you can bore your audience at pleasure during the first act, and your epigrams and climaxes in the second and third will be particularly effective. But ordinarily it is better not to hesitate. Yet rule three might read: "Do not resort to the shock opening for the purpose of attracting speedy attention." Baron Munchausen, who at a banquet introduced himself to a company by jumping his horse on to the table and riding round on it without breaking even a champagne glass, was taking extreme chances. That is not an ideal way to bring up the subject of being asked to stay for dinner. Affirmative laws governing the science would naturally be more difficult of formulation. For this purpose the field might be subdivided. Some of these subdivisions, for instance, would be: (1) Openings on subjects unpalatable to the openee, such as broaching the question of a small loan, or the still more delicate matter of its refusal; (2) openings on subjects unpalatable to the opener, such as admitting to one's wife that she had been perfectly right in any marital controversy; (3) openings on subjects congenial to neither the one nor the other, such as the gaping interval between both ends of the family budget and the consideration of ways and means to make them, willy nilly, meet, etc. Each of these categories will have its own set of gambits. A phrase-book, based upon their theory, and contrived for every situation in life and literature where a beginning is essential, would be added to the "Primer" as an appendix.

Alicante

I REACHED Alicante during this last stormy night, seeing something of the country we were passing through by lightning flashes; and when I went out this morning the roads were heaped with the mud of a night's rain. The sun shone, and bright drops of rain fell, drying as they fell, under that almost tropical heat; and as I found myself, suddenly, a dozen steps from the door of my hotel, standing under a palm-tree on a beach, where barefooted sailors were dragging up the boats, with the whole shining sea before me, green and silver and pale gray to the abrupt edge of the horizon, where blue-black clouds rose like a glittering wall, I could have fancied myself scarcely in Europe. I lingered there for some time, making the most of that sensation of friendly isolation which the sudden, unexpected presence of the sea always brings to me, and then began to walk slowly along the Paseo, under the double row of palm-trees, watching the ships rocking in the harbor; one of them, no larger than a fishing vessel, a Cornish boat, the Little Mystery of Fowey. I walked under the palms the whole length of the harbor, and stopped when I came to the great mole and the further beach, on which the waves were coming in. No waves have the same way of coming in on any two shores. These were stealthy, sudden, rising unexpectedly out of a smooth surface, as a snake rises out of the grass, and then gliding forward with a rushing subsidence. I walked out on the mole and sat down at the very end, where an old fisherman was paddling in his boat after crabs, and then for the first time I saw Alicante.

I saw, across the blue, swaying water of the harbor, an immense bare brown rock, lined with fortifications, crowned with a castle, and at its foot a compact mass of flat white houses, which trailed off to the left into apparently a single

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line along the water, white and blue and mauve and pink, on the other side of that double row of palm-trees, and with a surprising effect of elegance. Near the centre, one or two blue domes, towers topped with blue, square gray towers, rose from among the low roofs; two high banks of rock continued the central mass to the right, with gaps between, after which a low curve of bare rock ended the bay. Behind, a low range of hills, rising and falling in peaks and broken curves, bare for the clouds to paint their colors on, shut off this bright edge of seashore from the world.

I have been lounging about the harbor all day, merely drinking in sunshine and sea air, and as yet I know nothing of Alicante. But to-night, walking about these muddy streets, in which the mud is like that on a deep country road, and watching the people who pass to and fro at that hour of five, when, in Spain, everybody is in the street, I figure Alicante to myself as a rough, violent little place, still barbarous. And, looking down from the high Plaza de Ramiro, those singular, neat little cabins on the seashore, bathing cabins, I suppose, let for the season, and at other times lived in by the people of the place, might be huts on a savage beach, as they stand there under the palm-trees. And the clouds are growing stormier over the sea, stained with bright, watery colors, green and rose, towards the sunset; darkness is coming on; a steamer glides out across the water, straight into the stormy clouds, through which a soft, pink lightning flushes at intervals.

I am beginning to know Alicante. All this morning I have been wandering through the by-streets, seeing the whole life of the place as I pass, in doorways and at windows, and in houses thrown wide open to the street. I might almost be seeing hill-tribes squatting in their caves. The streets, rising from about the harbor, beyond the one or two regular, level streets with shops, are planted as irregularly as the streets of Le Puy or of St. Ives. Often steps lead from one level to another, and houses are of different heights, thrown together at random, a one-storied house by the side of a three-storied house; and they rise or dwindle upwards and downwards until they seem to merge imperceptibly into the hill itself. As in the East, women are to be seen all day long going to the well with their pitchers, which they carry on their hips, with one arm thrown around them. And these women, the women who sit at their doors, sewing, or making lace, or knitting, or reading, or talking, have in their faces a ruddy darkness which I have as yet rarely seen in Spain, the color of the pure Moor, every shade of color, from a dead olive to a black-brown lit as by an inner fire. Sometimes the black blood shows in flat nose and thick lips, sometimes in bushy eyebrows meeting; sometimes the outline of features is almost Mongolian. And there is not a link in the chain which joins the Moor and the Spaniard, not a gradation in the whole series of types, which is not to be seen here, in these heterogeneous streets.

To-night, just before vespers, I went into the Church of Santa Maria, which fills one side of a little square, high up, from which, as from a lofty platform, one can see the sea, over and between the houses. It was quite dark as I entered, and, feeling my way, I came through a side chapel to an iron gate, which stood open, through which I saw some one in a far corner with a lighted candle in his hand, and, near to me, a long dark figure moving mechanically, which I did not at first distinguish as a man pulling a bell-rope. I stumbled forward and looked about me. At first it seemed to me that I had found my way into a crypt, with side crypts all around. Gradually I perceived a Gothic vaulting, and the arches of side chapels, which succeeded one another without division down the whole length of the church. A tiny light twinkled here and there from a suspended lamp. I saw a kneeling figure in black; the sacristan passed on the other side of the arches with his candle, which he blew out, and the church returned to its silent darkness.

This morning the sea has been magnificently joyous. I have been spending hours on the two branches of the mole which closes in the harbor, watching its bright extravagances; and now, as afternoon advances, the fishing boats are coming home, like great white birds, one after the other, with wings lifted. The first has already passed me, entered the harbor. Never was there a harbor so delicate, so elegant, with its ample space, its whiteness, the exquisite lines which the bare masts and yardarms make against the palm trees, which one sees through swaying cordage and between half-reefed sails. Ships here are what they should be, the humanizing part of the sea's beauty; and they are still as much as ever a part of the sea as they are lifted on these moving tides, inside the harbor, and along the quay. At night I am watching them again, under a sunset blackening the west with darkness and devouring the darkness with flame. The whole harbor burns, and the masts rise into the fiery sky, out of the purple water and across violet mountains.

And so day follows day in a happy monotony. I spent yesterday at Elche, a little rocky town of palms, thirteen miles off, which is really Africa in Spain. High up a bare, crumbling bank, rising from the yellow river, where lines of stooping women are pounding clothes, one sees, looking from the bridge, a crowd of squat, white, square houses, set one beside and above another, like the dwellings of savage people, blank walls with a few barred holes for windows; above, a blue-domed church that might be a mosque. Palms overtop the walls, rise in the midst of the houses, swarm in forests up to all the outskirts, stretch into the country among fields and groves of trees; and along all the alleys flow variable streams, arrested and set in motion by an elaborate system of dykes. Under that hot sun in midwinter, following little paths between the rows of palms, which ended in their tuft of feathers and their cluster of yellow dates so high above my head, hearing from that height the long, lingering, Moorish songs of the date-pickers, perched there with ropes about their waists, the mules waiting below with their panniers for the burdens, I seemed far from even Alicante, really deep in the tropics, and not (as I forced myself to reflect) a day's journey from Madrid.

It is after all with relief, as if I had shaken off some not quite explicable oppression, that I find myself back again at Alicante. How perfectly restful is this busy peace of the morning, in the blue harbor, where sea-gulls, white and black, fly among the ships; and in bluer bay, where from moment to moment a great sail, passing close to land, blots out the sunshine which lies glittering on the placidly wrinkling water! As the boats pass, the men bending to their oars and stooping under the sail, I can see them taking silver fishes out of dark nets. Sails whiten on the horizon against a dull cloud and darken against clouds shining with sunlight. The long plash of the tide coils in about the rocks at my feet. They are loading the ships with a slow, rhythmical roll of machinery. Across the harbor a bell is tolling. All the rest is warm silence.

ARTHUR SYMONS

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Freedom of Speech in War Time

BOTH Great Britain and Germany have had during the war critics of remarkable candor among their own citizens. In each country there has been at least one *cause célèbre* on the rights of free speech. English patience was a good deal tried by Mr. George Bernard Shaw. Indeed, if the law about "giving comfort to the King's enemies" had been rigorously applied to his case, a very sharp penalty must have been imposed. For the late German Chancellor got so much comfort from one of Mr. Shaw's articles as to quote it in the Reichstag for the encouragement of the House. But the prosecution of this accomplished jester on the ground that anything he might say would seriously disturb the loyalty of the King's subjects would have been too farcical. No one would have been more astonished—and probably amused—than the offender himself. So the English courts have left him alone, feeling doubtless that the myth of British domestic strife could not be better exposed than by having Mr. Shaw cited as the typical malcontent.

It was quite otherwise when the Hon. Bertrand Russell began his pacifist propaganda. Mr. Russell was in earnest, was likely to be listened to, and in consequence had to be stopped. It is understood that a map was supplied to him, marking out the territorial limits within which he might speak and beyond which he must not travel. We are not told on what principle certain districts were judged proof against his rhetoric. But we know that he has for a year or more been narrowly circumscribed. In Germany Herr Liebknecht, it seems, has been fined, and imprisoned, and menaced with a revolver in the streets. Maximilian Harden, who has been no more than an adverse critic of war administration, has had his paper, *Die Zukunft*, finally suppressed, and, according to the latest news, he has been himself conscribed as a civil service clerk. The United States must expect that the unbridled tongue will give trouble there, too. And a special difficulty will arise because it will be said, and widely believed, that to restrain free speech in war time is "undemocratic." The statue of Liberty at the entrance to New York Harbor will be apostrophized, and orators in the dock will demand to know whether "it was for this" that the Pilgrim Fathers put to sea in the Mayflower. Hence a brief discussion of the limits to such freedom may not be out of place.

I.

In deciding what are the exceptional cases, if any, in which a customary privilege should be suspended, we must define the grounds upon which, as a general rule, it is right that such privilege should be allowed. We believe, for instance, that unsanitary dwellings should be forcibly entered by the Health Officer, despite the fact that the home of an Englishman, or an American, is proverbially declared to be his castle. We justify this interference by pointing out that the undoubted advantage of protecting a citizen's privacy is more than counterbalanced by the disadvantage of permitting him to spread typhus fever. Why, then, as a general rule, is a man both allowed and encouraged to speak his whole mind on public affairs? And are the reasons such as to lose their force when he tries to speak against the safety of his country in time of national peril?

Some people have the quaint notion that a man's tongue, alone among the organs of his body, is left by law to unrestrained exercise. They regard this as part of what we call "freedom of thought." But to entertain an opinion is one thing, to diffuse it is quite another. No law can prevent a citizen from thinking just what he pleases, but in every civilized country many laws can and do prevent him from saying just what he pleases. If he defames his neighbor's character, he can be mulcted in damages for libel, however sincere may have been the judgment that he expressed. If he uses coarse and mocking language about what those around him regard as holy things, he can be sent to jail for blasphemy, and it will not serve him to plead that such coarse and mocking words represent with faithfulness his own habitual current of ideas. If he incites to violence or crime, he will not be saved from punishment, though the tribunal is convinced that his revolutionary feelings were genuine. If he sends an indecent pamphlet or picture through the mails, his conscientious belief that it is a work of medical or artistic merit will not stand against the conscientious conviction of the jury that it is immoral and debasing. Is all this against freedom? Not so; at least not so in any sense in which freedom should be conserved. It merely implies that in the spoken or written word, as in every other act of life, the individual must not behave as if he were alone, must take account of the feelings and interests of others, must be bound in the end by social considerations.

Moreover, so far from democracy being called upon to give larger license in this respect than other forms of government, there is an obvious reason why from time to time—very especially in time of war—a democratic Executive must be the strictest of all. There is no other to which internal dissensions mean so much, none whose weakening will be so quickly and so legitimately inferred from hostile criticism at home. Public opinion is the basis of its strength. The slightest evidence, even the growl of a crank or a fanatic, will be construed as showing that popular sentiment has turned, and the enemy will be extravagantly encouraged. Demosthenes used to repeat again and again that Philip had the enormous advantage of being able to keep his own military secrets. Macaulay once remarked that armies have been successfully commanded by a coward or a fool, but never by a debating society. At present *Vorwärts* may gird at the Chancellor, and no one is much moved, for it is understood that the Chancellor can defy the press. But if the London *Times* were in rebellion against the Cabinet, it would be a substantial token that the Cabinet was rocking. So far as political theory goes, an autocracy can thus allow occasional and sporadic opposition which democracies would be bound to suppress.

II.

But, although these superstitions about "free speech in a free people" must be decisively repudiated, there is a certain sense in which this right is more sacred than others, and more deserving of zealous guardianship by a nation that governs itself. A Cabinet may misjudge a situation. An Executive may blunder. The Will of the People may itself be evil. Are we to take the position that when, for example, a war policy has been nationally settled, when the

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popular voice has declared unmistakably in its favor, when Ministers have laid down a scheme for carrying it out, then all criticism must be hushed and all dissent must be stamped upon? Such a view would lead to manifest absurdity, and nothing like it is held in his heart of hearts by any one who is not a traitor to freedom. Most of us, probably, believe that the German Government would do both a wise and a just thing if it listened with respect to Herr Liebknecht's indictment of militarism, and if it put down with a strong hand the rioters who break up his meetings. But probably most of us likewise believe that to seal the lips of Mr. Bertrand Russell when he would preach pacifism in England was the only action which the British Government could safely or properly take. Those who glory in argumentative dilemmas are fond of posing us in this way. Mr. Lloyd George was asked in the House of Commons how he dared to restrain Mr. Russell, who merely wished to say that both sides were to blame for the inception of the war, and yet to complain because a Birmingham mob had refused a hearing to himself eighteen years ago when he wanted to say that the Boers were thoroughly in the right and that England deserved to lose in South Africa. Are we involved in the mere stupid assertion that free speech is good when it is for us and bad when it is against us? I apprehend that ethical theory on the matter is not so bankrupt as these very clever people would represent.

Free speech is good because only thus can the collective wisdom be fully brought to bear. Minorities have again and again turned out to have been in the right. Stray voices that were not listened to at the time, voices that were drowned in a chorus of obloquy, have afterwards proved to have been the only voices of intelligence. Hence it behooves a free people to give the largest possible latitude to discussion. Only thus can it be sure that a problem has been looked upon from every side. Special care should be taken to protect and encourage those whose opinions are for the moment unpalatable to us, just because the very utmost protection and encouragement we can give will leave the utterance of such opinions a disagreeable task to those who hold them, because for the most part those who will incur such odium are among the more conscientious of our citizens, and because it is these that we specially need to hear. One might even say that a considerable amount of material advantage is well sacrificed just to preserve so important a principle, and because its suspension even on good grounds is so dangerous a precedent. But a point is reached when the preliminary talk is over, and when a decision has to be taken. It is practically certain that the decision will not be wholly unanimous. The conscience of the minority merits respect, but the conscience of the majority, if the case is sufficiently grave, dare not allow itself to be defeated. Free speech is good, but it is not the only good thing, and to permit it may be to imperil values that are still greater. So far, for instance, as Mr. Russell's influence could reach he was likely to deter enlistment. If he were allowed to go on, no other pacifist agitator could fairly be stopped. Reinforcement to the men in the trenches would be discouraged. And, though Mr. Russell, like every one else, had a certain claim to the unimpeded use of his tongue, these volunteers were not quite destitute of a claim that they should not be betrayed. Through permission of the minority to become vocal at pleasure, the national determination would be absurdly misconceived outside, the enemy would be strengthened, and the issue of the war would be made proportionately doubtful. It was perhaps a choice of evils. But any one who thought about the conflict as the great mass of Englishmen thought about it could hardly doubt where the preponderating considerations lay.

III

In his great speech at Washington President Wilson used these words: "Woe to the man, or group of men, that stands in our way in this day of high resolution." That is a tremendous responsibility for a Government to take. But this is a moment when tremendous responsibilities must be assumed by some one. And those persons do seem to have lost the sense of perspective who speak as if for sufficient cause Congress may rightly enact selective conscription—may take a man against his will, dress him in uniform, put a rifle in his hand, and expose him to machine-gun fire—but may not under any circumstances set limits to what he may say and print to the world. The initiation of a war is a huge responsibility. The evils on the one side of suffering and slaughter and distress must be balanced against the evils of broken faith and outraged justice. The balancing may be difficult, but Parliament or Congress must do it. And it is ludicrous to say that those who may be trusted to take the first step cannot be trusted in what logically follows.

Does not this equally prove that the muzzling of Herr Liebknecht was right, and that the Birmingham mob had a good defence against Mr. Lloyd George?

What those who ask this are really in search of is a formal rule which can be applied to such situations without regard to the concrete facts. No such rule can be given. What can be said, however, is that in any particular case, where the admitted evil of curtailing free speech is contemplated, the Executive must make up its mind whether the cause is so righteous and so important, whether the danger to be feared from uncontrolled speech is so real and so serious, as to make it worth while to suspend for the time this undoubtedly precious personal privilege. It must, of course, come to this decision on no mere grounds of resentment against an opponent. It must not affect to see peril to a sacred cause where it is really moved by prejudice in favor of its own opinion. Those who, like the present writer, think that Mr. Lloyd George eighteen years ago should have been allowed to say whatever he chose, take this view because they think that the above reasons for constraint were not present, that the propriety of that war was far from certain, and that there was no evil in leaving him alone which could outweigh the evil of coercing him. But if the Cabinet then in office in London sincerely thought the reverse, no one can blame them for refusing to eject the disturbers from his audience. And if the German Government on the same high moral grounds is genuinely convinced that Herr Liebknecht is endangering the outcome of a righteous struggle, we cannot find fault when it silences him. One might even brave paradox and say of such cases, provided both government and dissentient are sincere, that it is often the duty of the one to use all lawful means to make himself heard, but the duty of the other to take quiet but effectual measures that he shall always fail. The British treatment of Mr. Russell and the German treatment of Herr Liebknecht are not to be formally contrasted, for they are formally alike.

HERBERT L. STEWART

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Correspondence

THE LOYALTY OF GERMAN-AMERICANS

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the interest of a number of Americans of German descent, I wish to make a statement of the essential loyalty of the German-Americans of this vicinity. We have no interest in Prussian autocracy and no sympathy with Kaiserism. Our loyalty is alone for the democratic ideal as realized in the American Government. Fully half of the volunteers to the National Guard in the Middle West have been of German descent. We have read of riots against the draft, yet we have not seen any German names in the reports of the disorders. We have given freely to the Red Cross, yet we regret that no woman of German descent will be allowed to go as a nurse to Europe, while her brothers are accepted to fight and die for America. Is that fair?

We read in the leading periodicals that we should protest our loyalty, yet I have on my desk a letter from one of these periodicals refusing to print a statement of German-American loyalty. The leading comic weekly of our country has with rare humor pictured the German-American as a *Plot Deutscher*, whose rotund body and feeble brain are active only in deeds of treason. With eminent fairness our daily papers place upon page one the report that the German-Americans plan to poison the corn salves, the porous plasters, and the apple pies of the nation, and two days later the refutation is put in an inconspicuous place on page ten. Business and professional men of German name are made to suffer in a thousand petty ways, and they are told that they deserve and may get something worse.

This is cruelly unjust. The great mass of the Americans of German descent is with our Government in its defence of democracy. There is an old proverb, "You can catch more flies with molasses than with vinegar," and those who are feeding vinegar and vitriol to the German-Americans need not be surprised if they make themselves unpopular.

We are loyal; we are ready to make every sacrifice for the cause of democracy; we believe that no German name will ever be placed side by side with that of Benedict Arnold; and we demand fair play. HERMANN S. FICKE

Dubuque, Ia., August 18

LITTLE OBJECTION TO THE DRAFT

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The quiet orderliness with which the drafting passed off in New York city recalls to our minds the drafting of 1863, when it was estimated that in this city more than a million dollars' worth of property was destroyed, a negro orphan asylum burned, several negroes were killed, and hundreds of other casualties resulted. That war was a struggle to save the Union. Its interests were national; it was waged on our own soil. Yet men violently resisted the draft law. To-day we are engaged in a world war, an international war for the freedom of all thinking men. This war is not even to be fought on our continent. Yet the entire nation is united with a single purpose to win. Since the draft law was enacted, I have travelled through the South from Texas to Virginia. I have heard no complaint against the justice of this war and the draft, nor have I witnessed the slightest spirit of unwillingness to obey the law in every respect. Many of the Southern colleges held no commencements because there were but few seniors present to graduate, almost every physically fit senior having entered the reserve officers' training camps. Colleges that had hitherto given no military training applied to the Government for officers to drill students and teachers. If the veteran Union soldiers could hear some of the patriotic comments of the veteran Confederate soldiers, they would realize that they had not fought in vain to save the Union, whole and united. The recent Confederate reunion at Washington was a Confederate reunion only in name. Banners, emblems, and placards borne by the old Southern soldiers—and what they talked privately and yelled publicly—all stamped the event as a union of a reunited nation, North and South. GEO. P. WILSON

New York, August 15

WORDSWORTH ON HONOR

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: For some time past there has been reason to believe that Austria was ready to make peace if only Germany would let her. The same is true of Germany's other friend-in-arms, the faithful Turk. And now upon the Allied world there sounds a Papal note of peace, doubtful, and not the first. It is a time when every intelligent and honest man should give his mind to the question of just settlements, remembering invaded Belgium, Servia, Poland. Nor should he forget the awful cost in blood and wealth, paid without stint, by England, France, and Italy for honor and country. Our payments, despite the murdered of the Lusitania and all the rest, have not, as yet, even begun. When at last the nations, we among them, shall meet at the council table, the meaning of the words honor and peace will, by God's grace, have been burned in upon the soul of every one of them. They and their bearings were never more clearly set forth than in a sonnet of Wordsworth's written, probably, in 1809, and published in the memorable year 1815. As with all eternal truths, the truths of this sonnet are of the present:

> Say, what is Honour?—'Tis the finest sense
> Of *justice* which the human mind can frame,
> Intent each lurking frailty to disclaim,
> And guard the way of life from all offence
> Suffered or done. When lawless violence
> Invades a Realm, so pressed that in the scale
> Of perilous war her weightiest armies fail,
> Honour is hopeful elevation,—whence
> Glory, and triumph. Yet with politic skill
> Endangered States may yield to terms unjust;
> Stoop their proud heads, but not unto the dust—
> A Foe's most favorite purpose to fulfil:
> Happy occasions oft by self-mistrust
> Are forfeited; but infamy doth kill.

ALFRED M. BROOKS

Gloucester, Mass., August 20

MR. MOSHER'S EXPLANATION

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: My attention has but recently been called to a protest from Mr. Joseph Pennell in your issue for June 14, whereto I trust you will permit me the courtesy of this brief reply:

Mr. Joseph Pennell:

I much regret that you could not refrain from giving me and all others who have read your protest the impression that I "just stole it," and furthermore that the pas-

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sage cited was specially written for me. This is far from being the case, as a moment's calm reflection might have convinced you. Indeed, your attitude is a surprise. That you, sir, the distinguished artist we all admit you to be, could harp upon "he just stole it," and "as he intended" gave "the impression that we wrote it for him," seems an injustice to yourself rather than an injury to one who to the best of his ability tried to do you an honor! And so you had me, as you thought—a self-detected thief and liar!

Could you not, O latest brother of *The Gentle Art,* much more easily believe that what I did was for those who might not else have read the Authorized Life? Far from intending to convey the idea of your writing it for me, I did as any editor of a classic like "Ten o'Clock" would have done—quoted your beautiful peroration and placed it at the forefront of my edition.

THOMAS BIRD MOSHER

Portland, Me., August 10

CHAMP CLARK AS COLLEGE PRESIDENT

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the very interesting letter of Mr. Everett O. Fisk, published under the head "Youthful College Presidents" in the *Nation* of August 2, the fact seems to have been overlooked that the Honorable Champ Clark, the distinguished Speaker of the House of Representatives of the United States, was president of Marshall College, West Virginia, at the age of twenty-four, the youngest college president in America.

JAMES BERRY

Washington, D. C., August 15

BOOKS

The Status of Merchant Ships

The Destruction of Merchant Ships Under International Law. By Sir Frederick Smith. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.75 net.

INTERNATIONAL law is a code which, unless recognized substantially in its entirety by all, will undoubtedly be violated whenever such violation is to the military advantage of any one belligerent. Thus, any book attempting to deal with one phase of the subject, such as the destruction of merchant ships, is disappointing, in that it assumes that some particular branch of international law is entitled to recognition by all regardless of general observance. Where one attempts to define the law recognized prior to the war, it would seem that some regard should be had to the changes and conditions brought about by the war. Such matters, which are the crux of the whole question, are scarcely considered.

Is there anything in the theory of reprisals? Sir Frederick Smith agrees with the view expressed by this Government that "belligerents' convenience may not override neutral rights," which would seem to indicate that no reprisal against the enemy can be permitted to curtail the recognized rights of neutrals. And yet, reprisals have been recognized by the British Prize Courts (the Zamora, 2 E. P. C., 1). Is the British blockade illegal? Are the acts of the German submarine a proper or legal reprisal for the "blockade"? The Germans contend that an attempt to starve Great Britain is a logical and proper answer to an attempt to starve them. Sir Frederick Smith himself seems to do away with the argument of humanity on the ground that objections of that kind "apply equally to the whole of the operations of warfare, whereby men are killed, territories devastated, and property destroyed."

Another interesting phase concerns the question of arming ships for defence. Do the British give orders that merchant ships shall act offensively against submarines? Are weapons of defence actually weapons of offence? If so, does this change the legal rights of the parties? The British contend that, although the submarine (because of its weakness) is likely to be destroyed if it observes the ordinary principles as to visit and search, it should not therefore be relieved of the obligations of the law. The Germans contend that, since a submarine (because of its strength) can fire a torpedo and destroy without coming to the surface, advantage should not be taken of it by requiring it to observe the rules of cruiser warfare. Does or should the same law apply to submarines as to surface ships?

We, as enemies of Germany, are concerned to sustain our contention that the laws of cruiser warfare apply relentlessly to submarines. We could find no better exponent than Sir Frederick Smith. His brilliancy, his training, his means of information, and the high office he holds would make a comprehensive discussion of the subject of vital interest. This little book disregards the changes (possibly in argument and point of view, rather than in respect to law) brought about by the war, and ignores the questions of reprisals, except incidentally. The author says in his preface that compiling a treatise on this subject is much like reading a larceny act in a thieves' kitchen. If any one were to discuss the subject of larceny with thieves, he would probably justify the law, rather than state what the law was; he might try to persuade the thieves; he might discuss the point of view of the thieves, or he might excuse the attitude of society towards the thieves. In days when enemy ships are being fired upon in neutral waters, when new measures of naval warfare interfering with neutral rights are assumed to be legal in spite of unquestionable and unanimous authority directly to the contrary, when the rights of neutrals are entirely disregarded in the attempt of belligerents to exercise full military power, a book setting forth what was international law on one phase of belligerent operation, without considering the complications of the whole situation, is not very valuable; and when it is written by a man of the brilliance and standing of Sir Frederick Smith, one is inclined to regret the fact that more originality and vigor are not in evidence.

Perhaps this may seem to be a criticism that the little treatise is not something which it does not even pretend to be. It would be difficult to question a mere compilation of authorities, although one is surprised that the author should cite as authority a case such as the Simla (1 Prize Court, 281), where judgment was by default and the entire decision was: "Sir Samuel Evans: 'Very well, there is no appearance, and I order that the goods be condemned.'" The treatise purports to be a mere statement of the law before the war, but the author cites cases decided during the war which sustain his point of view, at the same time failing to cite others. This may lead to misconstruction. For instance, while an enemy merchantman is not subject to destruction unless bringing her into port would endanger the military operations in which the captor is engaged, the

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French Prize Court (as well as the German) has consistently and without much difficulty found that the destruction of Turkish vessels was justified under the exception.

No doubt Sir Frederick Smith would be the first to admit that the book is quite incomplete; that he discusses a small part of a very big question, and that no phase can be dealt with without some consideration of the whole subject.

The Triple Alliance

Origins of the Triple Alliance. By Archibald Cary Coolidge. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.

IN the era between the close of the Franco-Prussian War and the outbreak of the present conflict, the strongest political and military factor in international relations was certainly the Triple Alliance. Its creators and friends declared it was a factor for peace. Its enemies regarded it as a conservative league to protect the ill-gotten gains of 1870-71 and 1877-78. In fact, it was both. And its importance in the history of the past thirty years is not to be denied because it dissolved when brought to the touchstone of actual war.

In a little book, which may be easily read in an evening, Professor Coolidge has set forth in an admirably clear and compact fashion the complex motives and conflicting interests which led to the signature at Vienna on May 22, 1882, of the two documents which are regarded as constituting the Triple Alliance—a treaty between Italy and Austria, and one between Italy and Germany. Both these treaties had the same defensive character as the treaty which Germany and Austria had signed in 1879, but which was not officially made public until 1888. The original terms of the Triple Alliance treaties of 1882 have never been made public. In 1887, however, at the time of the first five-year renewal of the treaties, a single document, binding the three Powers, took the place of the earlier separate treaties of alliance. Some of the articles of this treaty of 1887, as is well known, were published in the Austrian Red Book of 1915. One of them, the famous Article VII, which related to possible changes in the Balkans, and which was the subject of so much dispute between Austria and Italy up to the time they went to war, was apparently not in the original pact of 1882, but was inserted in 1887.

Though Professor Coolidge modestly disclaims having made any startling discoveries, his little volume is probably the clearest, sanest, and most objective brief account of the most important permanent results of European diplomacy between 1866 and 1882. Its value lies in the discriminating judgment, based on wide reading and personal acquaintance, with which he handles such elusive questions as the War Scare of 1875, the personal relations between the old Kaiser and the Czar, and the devious motives of Bismarck, Gortchakov, and Andrássy. He rightly emphasizes Bismarck's opposition to acquisition of territory from Austria after 1866, of Alsace-Lorraine in 1871, and, he might have added, of Northern Schleswig after 1864. Having once secured his great single purpose, the establishment of German unity, Bismarck did not desire new conquests. He desired peace and protection. As a statesman, therefore, he belonged to the school of Frederick the Great and of Talleyrand, not to that of Napoleon. His positive and practical genius was far removed from the intense nationalism and the aggressive aspirations of the twentieth-century Pan-Germanists. He neither rhapsodized of the merits of *Kultur*, nor looked forward to an inevitable conflict between Slav and Teuton. Though, to be sure, after the League of the Three Emperors had lost its force through Gortchakov's jealousy and Russian resentment at the Congress of Berlin, Bismarck did admit that Russian Pan-Slavism was a menace. Against it he effected, by threats of resignation from office, and in the face of Emperor William I's very strong feeling of loyalty and friendship for his nephew, Alexander II, the Austrian alliance of 1879, which was the first step towards the Triple Alliance. Professor Coolidge has also been wise in giving an unusually full analysis of the Russian and Balkan factors in the origins of the Triple Alliance. These have ordinarily been much less appreciated than the Italian and French elements.

From the Ouija Board

Jap Herron: A Novel Written from the Ouija Board. With an Introduction: The Coming of Jap Herron. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

The Sorry Tale: A Story of the Time of Christ. By Patience Worth. Communicated through Mrs. John H. Curran. Edited by Casper S. Yost. New York: Henry Holt & Company.

AFTER spelling out a vast deal of nonsense, the ouija board appears at last to have deviated into sense. At least it is no longer restricted to mere babbling and incoherence. The narratives before us have been intelligently conceived and intelligibly worked out by some one, whether in or out of the flesh, and cannot be dismissed as mere objects of momentary curiosity. As for "Jap Herron's" being in some measure the work of a disembodied Mark Twain, that is an hypothesis which in this day of acceptances calls for no violent disbelief. But one thing is clear: if the personality of Mark Twain is behind this story, it is a personality either enfeebled by its separation from the body or frustrate by difficulties of transmission. "Sounds like Mark, eh?" chuckles the planchette when its servitors are almost disabled by laughter over some of its humors. A good deal of the detail does "sound like Mark"—as an echo sounds like a voice. The "lay-out" of the tale is natural enough, too, its setting in a little Missouri town, with the village printing office as its closer scene. But that is all. It is a tale of voluptuous domestic sentiment and pathos, with morbid emphasis (strange as coming from a freed spirit!) upon the pathos of death—"sob-stuff," as the planchette confesses at a moment when its "office force" find themselves dissolved in tears beside Flossy's coffin. Both the author and his assistants appear to mistake the quality of the product as a whole. "Dear ladies," is one of the first directions, "when I say d-a-m-n, please don't write d-a-r-n. Don't try to smooth it out. This is not a smooth story." The ladies were amused at the notion of their blue-pencilling Mark, but evidently feel that they have assisted at the birth of something pretty bold and masculine. "The story," they confess, not without pride, "bristles with profanity and is roughly picturesque in its diction." "Mark" feels this, too. "I was afraid of femininity," he says, during the final revision, in commending his helpers for their fidelity. "Women have their ideas, but this is not a woman's story." Yet that, in its main substance, is precisely what it is—a

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woman's story of a notably "slushy" type. Its roughness, its Twainish flavor, are external and occasional. Its people are unreal; when they do not remember to talk like Mark Twain, they talk like a best-seller: "Bill, before you go any farther with this adventure—misadventure—I want you to kneel with me before Flossy's picture and ask for her approval and her blessing." Fancy one of Mark Twain's boys talking like that!

Such as it is, the story does hang together and complete itself—a sufficiently remarkable feat, no doubt, if we credit "Mark's" complaints of the continual attempts to interfere and steal away his opportunity by other eager author-dwellers in "the undiscovered country." Alas, does the writing-madness find no surcease beyond the grave, and is there no professional magnanimity even among spooks?

With the ghostly personality which we may as well identify with the name of "Patience Worth," the whole situation is different. It is not the personality of any author remembered in the flesh. Its work is extraordinarily consistent in substance (not in form), as well as extraordinarily varied and copious. In its sparely educated young woman of St. Louis, with her good nature and her ouija board, it seems to have found a medium as free as possible from obstacle or friction. No other psychic personality appears to get in its way. It now works, whenever its instrument is available, without hesitation or revision, and produces an increasing proportion of prose and verse which has real beauty or force. Mr. Casper S. Yost, who has constituted himself a sort of official sponsor and interpreter of the Patience Worth material, as Mrs. Curran has made herself its vehicle, is, quite naturally, a not altogether trustworthy critic. His zeal has led to the discovery of virtues in the strange lingo, or lingoes, in which much of this material is cast, that are invisible to other eyes. Why should a seventeenth-century Englishwoman, addressing herself to current humanity, choose to express herself in a hodge-podge of modernisms and archaisms derived from half a dozen centuries, a tongue such as never was on land or sea, now wilfully grammarless, now, to all appearances, helplessly illiterate? Why should a spirit bent upon self-expression treat the act of composition half the time as a game, an opening for cleverness, for quibbling with phrases, for mere smartness and gallery-play? It has, of course, the awful modern example of Mr. Arnold Bennett—and literally twenty-four hours a day to dispose of.

In "The Sorry Tale" the most irritating of these mannerisms are subdued if not conquered; one feels that there has been a serious effort to conquer them. The style may be described as Biblical with a strange accent. There are the usual over-employment, with its clumsy and harsh effect, of the possessive form: "Hassan would follow with the road's men and know their tongue's packs"; the usual grammatical lapses; the habitual confusion of the endings "-est" and "-eth," and of the forms "lay," "laid," and "lain"; the usual employment of adjective for noun and noun for verb and participle for adjective, with a fondness for strange forms like "golded" and "blooded." There are occasional modernisms, also, as when Jesus "brings his scourge down upon the backs" of the money-changers. But, when one has mastered the accent, it becomes, in the main, a style of dignity and force, rising often to a noble simplicity in narrative, or to a striking vividness in description: "It was night within Jerusalem, and the street's ways shewed white and rimmed of deep dark. But few men walked the ways, and their shadows followed, stealthed. And dogs bayed and the hours sounded out cock's crowing. And there sounded the kicking of the asses within their shelter places, and the shaking of their ears. And the temple place sounded the whirring of the doves that nested there, as they sought the depths. And afar sounded the piping of some shepherd who loned." Where, we ask, did this mysterious story-teller become familiar with the scent and sound and color and innumerable properties of Oriental market-places and wildernesses, of Roman palaces and halls of justice? Mr. Yost's answer to the question is apparently that Patience Worth, the seventeenth-century Englishwoman, must have been a reincarnation of the Greek dancing-girl Theia, who is the hapless heroine of the tale. Taken as a whole, the story is well-conceived, but ill-proportioned. The intricate weaving of motives, the teeming background of minor figures, the inordinate bulk of the dialogue (which takes up, one may guess, 500 of its 640 pages), hinder the conduct of an action in itself sufficiently straightforward and dramatic. It is based upon a striking conception. Theia, the favorite dancing-girl of the Roman court, is given by the Emperor Augustus to Tiberius. She is abandoned in the desert, to be thereafter the symbol of the wrong that is Rome. At the time of Christ's birth, the son of Tiberius is borne by her in a leper's hut near Bethlehem. She calls him Hate, and dedicates him to vengeance against the world that is ruled by Rome. He grows up in the hills, a figure contrasting with and at times opposing that of the youthful Jesus. In the end he is to die by the Christ's side upon the cross—the son of regal Rome and the son of God, spirit of hate and spirit of love, slain together for the sins of the world. The action springs in part from the Emperor Tiberius's fear of his rumored offspring and his half-dread that the Jesus Christus vaguely hailed as "King of the Jews" may be he. This action is thoroughly built up from the foundation; and of the hundreds of persons involved in it scores stand out in clear outline if not full characterization. The crucifixion scene (a chapter of five thousand words "written," we are told, in a single evening) is of appalling vividness—debased or enforced by its pitiless detail, according as one finds therein the false realism or the true. Certainly this book deserves to be weighed not merely as a "psychic phenomenon," but as a piece of creative fiction.

America's Possibilities for the Immigrant

My Mother and I. By E. G. Stern. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1 net.

THIS little book, duly certificated by Mr. Roosevelt as a "really noteworthy story," goes on the shelf of personal narratives disclosing America's possibilities to the immigrant. Like Mary Antin's "Promised Land," it is a young woman's account of her emergence from the ghetto into genuine American society by way of the public schools, the college, and the university. It is much shorter than the work which presumably inspired it, and as a sociological document it is less valuable because less explicit. It is curiously reticent, for example, about the first question which an intending immigrant would desire to put to the author: "Where did the money come from which raised you and your family out of that untidy and poverty-stricken 'cellar' in that unnamed Middle-Western city, and enabled

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you to complete without visible difficulty your higher education?" And it does not much illuminate the processes by which a girl of such origins becomes the social companion of Daughters of the American Revolution and descendants of the Mayflower pilgrims. Such things are achievable; but their achievement is not quite the easy matter of course that they are here made to appear. Not every daughter of the ghetto marries an American in an honorable profession and lives in a charming old suburb "where attractive modern residences stand by the side of stately old Colonial houses." In an affair of this sort details become of the first consequence. When modesty can step aside to reveal the triumphant end, it should not hesitate to reveal also the indispensable means. What impecunious Jews in Poland will require is an analysis of success in America: what part was played by private benefactors, scholarships, prizes, hard work in odd hours?—what part was due to talent and personal charm?—how does one get a "pull" with Mr. Roosevelt?

The fact is that the economic and social effort involved in passing from the ghetto to her present position was not the author's subject. She has forgotten that or is not interested in it. At her present remove she regards the untidy cellar and its occupants as picturesque literary material. What chiefly interests her there is the psychological situation developed by that rather pathetic trio, herself, her mother, and her father—the other children, living or dead, are treated very casually. Her talent shows itself in the vivid yet light-handed representation of a little drama of spiritual separation. She paints her father firmly but only in profile—a haggard, bearded rabbi with patriarchal ideas of family discipline, a rigorous formalist, fearful of Gentile influences, set against modern education, fixed in the traditions and laws of his tribe. A just delineation, perhaps, but a little hard and unsympathetic. Her mother she presents from quite another angle—a busy, cheery, soft-hearted woman, a poor cook, a somewhat slack housekeeper, a good needlewoman, with a responsive, compliant nature and something of every practical good wife's tendency to despise and conspire against the logic and systematic virtues of her husband. The girl's father fears that if she receives a higher education an impassable gulf will form between her and her people. Her mother sees the same possibility, but accepts it with tears and pride. That part of the book is really touching and beautiful. What affects one just a little unpleasantly is the predominance of pride over tears in the countenance of the narrator as she shakes from her feet the dust of her father's house and goes to dwell forevermore in the tents of the Americans. Miss Repplier has recently said some pointed things about "the modest immigrant," which these exultant sentences may help to illustrate: "Our home is a home which, try as I may, we cannot make home to mother. She has seen come to realization those things which she helped me to attain, and she cannot share, nor even understand, them. But there is one thing we have in common, mother and I. *We have this woman that I am, this woman mother has helped me to become.*" Curiosity at this point may be pardoned if it inquires whether the mother is not the better off of the two, since the mother possesses herself and her daughter while the daughter has only herself and her self-satisfaction. The completeness of her break with the ghetto left some precious things behind. All that she carried away was the ancestral candlesticks and copper fishpot which now serves for holding autumn leaves. Some things that remain in her father's house would equally enrich an American home—polished a bit, to be sure, like the fishpot, and set in a good light: her father's fear of the Eternal, his reverence for the Law, her mother's humility and quick charity, the characteristic Jewish fidelity to family and kinsfolk. Since we are likely to have many more of these piquant narratives from our new Americans, it is perhaps worth suggesting to them that their contributions to the literature of the happy immigrant will probably gain in thoughtfulness and mellowness if they postpone the announcement of their accomplishment till their first natural elation wears off, and they perceive that there are attainments even more remarkable than marrying an American husband—splendid as that "of course"—as Mr. Roosevelt would say—is.

Schnitzler's Experiments

Comedies of Words. By Arthur Schnitzler. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company. $1.50 net.

THE effect of a mere art-form in the renovation, almost the evocation, of artistic faculty in a man of letters has seldom been more signally illustrated than in Arthur Schnitzler's experiments in the one-act play, translated and introduced by Pierre Loving under the general title of "Comedies of Words." In the normal drama Schnitzler's art is fragile, not to say fleeting; in the one-act play it is compact, serried, tingling, spicular. If he rarefies as he expands, he solidifies in the moment of contraction. No lover of address can afford to neglect these virtuosities; if they share the leisurely retrospect of Ibsen—retrospect has affinities with leisure—in the snugness of their packing they rival the master himself. If their technique ever falters, it is in those junctures when art needs the prop of the higher intuitions. Were Arthur Schnitzler a diplomatist, he would bungle only in these exceptional moments when the perfection of diplomacy is candor.

The close-knit "Hour of Recognition," with its triangular plot, the sinuosities of which elude summary, is remarkable for the union of German phlegm with French plasticity, and for the coolness with which men probe and fumble in the embers of passions which they half desire, half fear, to resuscitate. "The Big Scene," in which a man who is both actor and husband interchanges the rôles and lays bare the ramifications of his meanness to a betrayed, perceptive, and forgiving wife, is weakened by Schnitzler's inability to conceive the charlatan effectively; Conrad Herbot is trumpery even for pinchbeck. "The Festival of Bacchus" condones, if it does not endorse, the idea of brief parentheses of license in the course of married life from which husband and wife mutually return to the safeguard of renewed amity and politic silence. The cunning of the workmanship in this play, in which matters almost too private for a drawing-room are transacted without harm to verisimilitude in a railway station, is almost unimaginable even to its witnesses. "Literature," which unmasks the "life for art's sake" fallacy, in spite of one or two dubious strokes and a teasing inconclusiveness, is perhaps the best and most natural, as it is the iciest and most condescending of the plays; every line is a puncture, and the victims bleed ink. "His Helpmate," in which a perfect setting makes a rather garish plot the

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sharer of its own beguiling pensiveness, quickens our interest in parts, but one feels that the ultimate touch attains subtlety by the release of power.

The final judgment on Schnitzler will hardly be altered by the succinct vigor of these masterly vignettes. He lacks body and he lacks soul. All these plays are steeped in sexual error, and it would be hard to name a man who has made so much—and so little—of illicit love. That craving has two great artistic values, intensity and guilt; in Schnitzler passion has the tenuity of sentiment, and guilt has the tastelessness of innocence. With some exaggeration, but with a large kernel of truth, it might be said that he is passionless and conscienceless, and both the animal and the spirit rise hungry from his board. He had the taste, the aptitude, for psychology, but the deficiency in passion and conscience restricted his data, and, in the absence of data, taste and aptitude will not go far in the illustration of psychology in art. The impoverishment affects even the characters. They have an exactness of mind and purpose which saves them from vacuity, but they are sparingly and scantily organized; they are dry where the situation is humid, and tepid where the occasion demands heat. They balance between their indifference to duty and their listlessness in the face of passion, and in their considerate and critical natures a tilt between baddishness and goodishness replaces the solemnity of the classic conflict between good and evil.

The translation is plebeian, but not unreadable. An introduction in which a "touch" is portrayed is itself portrayable by a touch.

The University of Illinois

Illinois. By Allan Nevins. New York: Oxford University Press. $2 net.

THIS is the first history of the University of Illinois, and the first volume on a State institution in Professor Krapp's American College and University series, in which Columbia, Princeton, Harvard, and Vassar are now represented. Since the ordinary man knows nothing of American universities, and since even the college man usually knows little more than two or three of them, one wishes the series continuance and prosperity. It is admirably adapted to illuminate the darkness of the "intelligent public."

The University of Illinois has been fortunate in the first historian of her remarkable career. Portraying his alma mater with the insight of a son and the dispassionateness of a stranger, Mr. Nevins has made a book which, while of peculiar interest, no doubt, to Illinoisians, holds its subject steadily at the level of all who are concerned with higher public education. To those who still repeat the stale witticism that the history of the State universities is all before them, he has replied by throwing "much greater emphasis upon the record of the past than upon the tendencies or characteristics of the present." In his concluding chapters he vividly pictures the University in its latest phase of prosperity, and in compact tabular views presents those facts which an Illinoisian likes to submit to the Easterner who has yet to learn that the State University is not in Chicago—for example, a student registration in 1916 of 6,759, a faculty numbering 840, sixty buildings, a library of 400,000 volumes, and a biennial income above six millions. But he has particularly devoted himself to exhibiting the processes of growth, and he justifies his careful historical retrospection by printing before his first chapter this striking utterance of President Pritchett's: "The rise of these great universities is the most epoch-making feature of our American civilization, and they are to become more and more the leaders and makers of our civilization. They are of the people. When a State university has gained solid ground, it means that the people of a whole State have turned their faces toward the light."

This bold thesis Mr. Nevins does not directly and explicitly debate, but he seizes upon the development of the institution in relation to the State as the unique and commanding aspect of his subject, and he collects and arranges his material to illustrate it. His theme is thus almost as wide and complex as the progress of intelligence in a democracy, for he is constantly concerned to show how intimately the internal condition of the university has depended upon the condition of public opinion, which controls the strings of the public purse. For each period of his history he gives a quantity of selected and vigorously compressed information about the physical, mental, social, and religious life of students and faculty, about finances and buildings, discipline and organization and curricula, publications and investigations. But he gives almost equal attention to the temper of the people of Illinois, the Legislature, the press, the popularly elected trustees, the agricultural and trade organizations, the denominational interests, and the rival educational forces, which have gradually shifted from indifference, ignorance, or hostility to cordial and concerted support of the University administration.

The outstanding human figure in a narrative developed on these lines was inevitably the president—the most important single link between the University and the people of the State, and not merely an administrator, but also the official chiefly charged with giving the taxpayers a university education. And so at the conclusion of each period of Mr. Nevins's history, one finds one's self saying: Such were the achievements of Jonathan B. Turner, the foresighted Illinois farmer, who prepared the way for the Federal land grant of 1862; such was the hopeful but struggling administration of John Milton Gregory, the first regent of an academy with farm and shop attachments, who cheered himself in the wilderness with a vision of "the strongest, broadest, and best university on the face of the earth"; such were the years of poverty and depression under his successor, the schoolmasterly but uninspiring Peabody; such progress was made when the helm was taken by Andrew Sloan Draper, vigorous organizer and able politician; and the steady wide-fronted advance now making is due to the union in President James of great practical sagacity with the visions and standards of a scholar.

The essential hero of the book, however, is Democracy, about which most of us have, of late, been speaking in anything but flattering terms. The real hero is the people of Illinois, which no longer scoffs at Regent Gregory's dream, but, when the present administration repeats it, votes its realization. The fascinating element in this history is the clear realistic account of this conversion. Mr. Nevins himself does not in the least flatter "the people"; but he remarkably understands them. He exposes with entire candor their sluggishness, their narrowness, their dishonesty, their selfishness, and their jealousy in relation to the growth of the State University. He shows that in the be-

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ginning "the people" did not want the University but the public lands assigned to them by the Federal Government. He shows that Champaign County was actuated rather by pecuniary than by educational ideals when it bribed and manœuvred the Legislature into locating the institution at Urbana. He shows that "the people," so far as they expressed themselves in the early years, expected the new school to supply a strictly utilitarian training. He shows the heads of the older institutions—normal schools and small colleges—combining to throttle the young aspirant and to divert the funds into their own coffers. He shows the organization of agricultural and industrial interests wielded to defeat the "old-line" educators. He shows jealousy of educational advance made in other States used to amalgamate discordant elements within the State of Illinois. At every step, one is tempted to say, he shows the University imperilled by what one is disposed to call the base popular passions—the self-regarding desires of the multitude; and yet at every step he shows how these base popular passions were by skilful hands guided and directed to create something altogether good and desirable and beyond the imagination of its creator. "The people" thus appears as a hero *malgré lui;* yet a hero. And the moral of all this seems to be that he only needs despair of Democracy who is ignorant of the art of managing men.

Notes

THE Century Company announces for publication in September the following volumes: "Vagabonding Down the Andes," by Harry A. Franck; "The Golden Eagle," by Allen French; "Cavalry Alley," by Alice Hegan Rice; "The Lost Little Lady," by Emilie B. and Arthur A. Knipe.

Announcements for September by Little, Brown & Company include the following: "Four Days," by Hetty Hemenway; "Practical Food Economy," by Alice Gitchel Kirk; "The Little Gods Laugh," by Louise Maunsell Field; "The Memoirs of Colonel John S. Mosby," edited by Charles Wells Russell; "Familiar Ways," by Margaret Sherwood; "Scandal," by Cosmo Hamilton; and "The Adventure Beautiful," by Lilian Whiting.

AUTUMN publications of the Princeton University Press are announced as follows: "Value of the Classics," edited by Andrew Fleming West; "The World Peril"; "Postal Savings," by Edwin W. Kemmerer; "Platonism," by Paul Elmer More; "Egyptian Records of Travel in Western Asia," by David Paton; "Tales of an Old Sea Port," by Wilfred H. Munro; "Protestantism in Germany," by Kerr D. Macmillan; "The President's Control of Foreign Relations," by Edward S. Corwin; "Coöperative Marketing," by W. W. Cumberland; "Early Christian Iconography and a School of Ivory Carvers in Provence," by E. Baldwin Smith; "Administration of an American City," by John Purroy Mitchel; "Crime Prevention," by Arthur Woods; "Municipal Utilities," by Milo R. Maltbie; "Health Protection," by Dr. Haven Emerson; and "Heredity and Environment," by Edwin Grant Conklin.

IN our notice of the translation of "Lazarillo de Tormes" in the *Nation* of August 16, credit for the excellent notes should have been given to Prof. Charles Philip Wagner, the writer of the introduction, and not, as our reviewer inadvertently wrote, to Mr. Louis How, the translator.

RUSSIAN bureaucracy had a remarkably consistent career of inefficiency and stupidity. For this reason, V. Veresaev's notes on the Russo-Japanese War ("In the War: Memoirs of V. Veresaev"; Mitchell Kennerley; $2) may well be applied to the Russian conduct of the present war, at least up to the March revolution. As a physician, Veresaev had a rather limited field of observation, but even through his narrow prism he was able to behold an appalling picture of human masses being abused, neglected, demoralized, and senselessly slaughtered, through the whim, carelessness, greed, and ignorance of their superiors. The present war will doubtless bring forth similar memoirs recording the omnipotence of the "official paper" which defies expediency and common-sense and permits stores of food to rot away or to be burned rather than feed the men without "due order." There will appear similar stories of wounded soldiers dying in field-hospitals for lack of boiled water, or because the attendant refuses to supply bandages without an order written in ink, or because of senseless peregrinations prescribed by some awe-inspiring authority hundreds of miles away, or because the chief surgeons have neglected their duties and are feasting with staff officers in company of pretty ladies officially registered as nurses. One may also expect duplicate tales of semi-sanctioned plundering and maltreating of natives, of demoralized armies fleeing in disorder, abandoning their ammunition, wandering aimlessly for lack of maps and knowledge of direction; of officers "with a pull" pestering the physicians for certificates of ill-health, while their only ailment consists of "rear-mania"; of high commanders blocking transportation for weeks with their sumptuous trains; of commissariat officials waxing fat on mythical purchases of food and fodder for their starving men and horses; of abuses, theft, and graft perpetrated *ad majorem bureaucratiæ gloriam.* Veresaev is well known as the author of the "Memoirs of a Physician" and of many stories and essays. A realist of Tolstoy's school, he succeeds in drawing gripping pictures in a sincere and reserved manner. His translator (Prof. Leo Wiener) does not exaggerate when he compares Veresaev's war memoirs with the paintings of Verestchagin.

TWO war books of similar structure and of related aims have recently appeared, from the pens of two over-lapping groups of distinguished Englishmen. One of them, "The War of Democracy" (Doubleday, Page; $2 net), was written for American consumption and was put together with the avowed purpose of influencing American opinion. As America made up its mind definitively at the very hour of the book's publication, many of the articles, addresses, and interviews so carefully selected by the editor are rather belated. The American public is completely persuaded of all the things for which such careful argument is here provided. A few of the articles, however, are of permanent value, notably Gilbert Murray's address (in London, 1915) on the "Ethical Problems of the War." For he reminds us in characteristically noble words of the greatness of the days in which "this unhappy but not inglorious generation" is living and moving. "Romance and melodrama were a memory, broken fragments living on of heroic ages in the past. We live no longer upon fragments and mem-

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ories, we have entered ourselves upon a heroic age. . . . I would like to say that now I seem to be familiar with the feeling that something innocent, something great, something that loves me has died and is dying daily for me. That is the sort of community that we now are—a community in which one man dies for his brother, and underneath all our hatreds, all our little angers and quarrels, we are brothers who are ready to seal our brotherhood with blood."

"FOR the Right" (T. Fisher Unwin; 5s. net) is the other war book referred to above. It consists of some seventeen essays and addresses by members of the "Fight for the Right Movement," and its aim is to keep up in England, in this third year of the war, the same moral enthusiasm which characterized the first few weeks of the struggle. In some of the more strenuous addresses one gets the sense of the British lion lashing himself with his tail to keep up his courage and his ire, but most of the book is sensible enough, and makes much better reading for us on this side of the Atlantic than does the "War of Democracy," which was more deliberately aimed our way. We, too, have learned, ever since the second of April last, how much harder is the task, how much greater is the sacrifice we have undertaken than we at first supposed. So it comes about that the words of this book, which were meant for England, seem made for us. As a notable example, one passage from the contribution by Mr. L. P. Jacks is worth reproducing here: "From now onwards till the work be finished, nothing else really matters. At last we understand the Cause, and we know that if this is defeated life would be intolerable. No sacrifices can be too great to avert the disaster; no period of endurance can be too long; no strain on our tenacity can be too severe. We throw everything into the scale: our wealth to the last penny; the treasures of Empire; the garnered fruits of progress; the last ounce of mental and moral energy; the loss of our noblest and best; our own lives as a matter of course. For we are fighting against an enemy whose triumph would be the defeat of our souls; and the vow has been vowed that he shall not prevail."

MEMORIAL volumes are ordinarily interesting only to those who have known the person commemorated or his work. To this rule the "Letters and Writings of James Greenleaf Croswell" (Houghton Mifflin; $2 net) is a striking exception. Even to one who had never before heard of Mr. Croswell or of the Brearley School, the book would be sure to be interesting, because there is a man in it—perhaps as high praise as can be given to any book. James Greenleaf Croswell was a great schoolmaster who gave his life to a little school. But the reader of the book does not think of him as primarily a teacher; he has none of the traditional earmarks of the profession. "He was an admirable schoolmaster," says one of his friends, "because he was an admirable friend." He was both, it is clear, because of a rare combination of personal and intellectual qualities, which are charmingly expressed in his letters, and variously described and illustrated in the "Recollections and Appreciations" contributed by his friends and pupils. The more formal "Writings"—a couple of addresses, a fable or two, and a few translations and poems—add little to the picture, but do nothing to injure it. In the letters especially, which fill rather more than half the volume, one meets a personality of genuine and most winning humility, of entire unselfishness and a kind of appealing wistfulness, yet not without subtlety; and this conjoined with a mind of extraordinary keenness, flexibility, and refinement. Many of the letters are written to relatives (among them an ideal letter to a mother-in-law); some to literary and other friends; the majority, perhaps, to present and former pupils. It would be impossible to imagine better letters to young girls than many of these last. There is not a particle of condescension in them; they discuss all sorts of things with a wise, frank, and friendly comradeship. And many of the letters to friends are as good in different ways. But example is more satisfactory than description. How perfect a criticism of Mr. John Jay Chapman's essays is implied in this bit of a letter to him: "You seem to me to be sailing where the deep tides run; fishing in the deepest water. Sometimes you get a fish; sometimes he gets off again; but they are great fish always, even if you only get them up to the top, and not quite into the boat." And how winning at once in its humility and in its aptness to all letter-writers is this to a former pupil: "I think my letters are 'cheap'—I don't call it cynicism; I call it just cheap talk. Hence I tear them up, a good deal. But sometimes I send one through to a friend, simply to preserve the acquaintance—to keep the line open—just as they send all sorts of stuff through the 'stock-tickers' in the brokers' offices merely to 'test' the wire. Once in a while it is important to have a 'quotation.' Then it is very important. How do you like this parable? Please consider my last letter, or any letter that you don't like, as just words, and wait for a better one."

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"THE Man in Court" (Putnam; $1.50 net) is heralded as "a work of humorous visualization of the trial of court actions," which is destined to win success because of "the desire of every one to understand the real meaning of court proceedings and of the efforts now on foot to have the complexities of court procedure simplified." That Judge Wells has striven to be humorous is not to be denied. That his humor has resulted in visualizing to the layman the real meaning of court proceedings is doubtful. If the author's experience as a lawyer and a judge has induced the belief that our judicial system is a farce, it is easy to understand why he has published this volume. Such a system deserves the fate ascribed to it in the closing chapter. If our law courts are merely "curious relics of a mediæval age," they ought to be superseded by the "Judicial Corporations" outlined by the author, or by other devices for the satisfactory administration of justice between the state and its citizens and between citizens themselves. A careful study of the closing chapter, however, will lead most readers to the conclusion that the book is intended as a mere burlesque. Possibly it is the result of mental reaction from the indolent dignity and judicial repose with which the author envelops the modern judge. Certainly it satisfies the Addisonian conception of burlesque in "describing great persons as acting and speaking like the basest among the people." And yet when Judge Wells forgets his ambition to be humorous, he gives the reader considerable interesting information, and the trial lawyer, the juror, and the witness much sound advice. He assures the advocate that he will be most effective if he is simple and natural; if he "is direct, business-like, and consistent with his own personality." Indeed, he declares that the aim of American advocates "is toward consistency and a non-elaborate manner." Were the serious and sensible parts of the volume separated from the satirical, their publication would serve a useful purpose; but they would be an inept prelude to the final chapter, in which the writer depicts a new era, wherein are no judges, no lawyers, no restrictions on divorce, no litigations of any kind. In this new era, which we are led to believe is already opening, a department of issues narrows down the exact points of difference between citizens until "the dispute gradually if not wholly disappears." A department of investigation and experts, headed by "men of the highest character and calibre at large salaries," supplants "the former division of court trials known as evidence and testimony." Universal employer's liability laws, state insurance against accidents, and the awakening of the economic world to better and more honest business standards lead inevitably to the extinction of lawyers and the abandonment of courts. Such is the vision with which our judicial humorist ends his unique volume.

"LAKE and Stream Game Fishing" (Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd; $1.75 net), by Dixie Carroll, is professedly a revision of a series of letters written to a friend, conveying practical instruction in matters of fresh-water angling. One finds a number of Walton's stories in it, which doubtless proves no more than that both fish and anglers are in many respects to-day what they were some centuries ago. The differences, however, are more prominent than the resemblances. Izaak Walton's Scholar, or Honest Scholar, becomes at random Old Hoss, Old Scout, Old Timer, Old Man, or Buck; and the comparison here is a very good indication of the difference in language that runs through the two books. Doubtless the novice who wishes to learn how to catch pike or bass in Wisconsin streams and lakes will get more out of Dixie Carroll to that immediate end than he could extract in any available allowance of time from Izaak Walton. But slang is a vehicle of expression all too easily overworked. "The bass, Old Timer, is a queer cuss, and at the same time he is about as wise as any fish that wags a tail," may sound smart, but does not get you very far into the characteristics of the fish, after all. For the delectation as well as information of the reader, give us rather Walton's description of the trout, as he was leading his "honest scholar" out to supper: "This trout looks lovely. It was twenty-two inches when it was taken; and the belly of it looked, some part of it, as yellow as a marigold, and part of it as white as a lily; and yet, methinks, it looks better in this good sauce."

Notes from the Capital

"Corporal" Tanner

It seemed like old times to read the speech made by James Tanner the other day at the G. A. R. encampment in Boston. There was a period during which few intervals of any length occurred between his speeches, and they were all as frank and fervid as this one—some of them more so. The Corporal never has hesitated to put into plain terms whatever he wished to say, and his consignment of the Kaiser to "the most orthodox hell that was ever preached from a church pulpit," was equally characteristic in thought and expression. Whether its patriotic effervescence, or its tribute to the stern old doctrine of eternal torture for the wicked, was the more pleasing to the Presbyterian elder in the White House we can only guess, but beyond a doubt the oration voiced the orator's real feeling.

Tanner lost both legs at the second battle of Bull Run, and most of the time since then he has held one or another public office, to which his sacrifice for the Union cause has been regarded as entitling him, quite apart from any consideration of his particular fitness for the duties that fell to his lot. To his present place, Register of Wills of the District of Columbia, he was appointed by President Roosevelt more than thirteen years ago, and President Wilson decided, early in 1913, not to disturb him. As the work in the Register's office is chiefly clerical and perfunctory, nobody has made any serious criticism of his retention; his case illustrates pretty well the difference between an official trust which demands a special training or even sound judgment and one which can be satisfactorily administered by anybody with an honest character and an ordinary acquaintance with the forms of law. In the Pension Commissionership, to which President Harrison appointed him, he was a sad failure. That he should have turned a warmly sympathetic side towards the invalided veterans who besieged his bureau for relief was natural enough; but it soon became evident that he was letting his sympathies run away with his discretion, and that he lacked the force necessary to apply the brakes. Harrison was terribly embarrassed by the way events shaped themselves. Stories were brought to him almost daily describing professional claim-agents as swarming over the Commissioner's office and giving orders to the clerks; and reflections on Tanner's happy-go-lucky

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way of treating his bureau as a big machine which could be trusted to run itself without his hand on the lever were in half the newspapers that reached the President. The straw which broke the camel's back was the issue of an order by Tanner increasing the pension ratings of several clerks in his office, and doubling some very low rates without any satisfactory evidence that an error had been committed in the original rating. A clash of authority occurred between him and the Secretary of the Interior, and he promptly resigned, his position having become too uncomfortable.

The incident caused a great commotion in the press, and the Grand Army of the Republic became much exercised over it, for Tanner was a prime favorite in their circle. Twenty-five or thirty years ago I used to see him occasionally at Grand Army gatherings, where, after a luncheon, his comrades would always clamor for a speech, and he never failed them. Out of consideration for his shortage in extremities, they would hoist him up on a table and give him something that he could depend upon for a brace, and he would launch his talk with all the fervor of an old-fashioned enthusiast. His large head, pivoted on an agile neck and well covered with hair allowed to grow long enough to wave a trifle as he swung this way or that, together with a ringing voice that reached the outside edge of his audience without straining, added materially to his stage effect, and enhanced the rhetorical value of the praise he showered upon his own and the reproach he heaped upon the other side of an issue he was discussing. Words and phrases seemed to come not at his call, but without waiting to be summoned. They were like waters spouting from a dozen springs at once and uniting in a torrent that swept everything before it and would not cease till dammed. In those days he was disposed to keep alive the memories of the Civil War; the South brought it on, now let the South pay the piper! One might doubt, after hearing him, whether the stars and stripes or the "bloody shirt" would take the top of the mast if a question of precedence were left to him.

But increase of years softened this severity of sentiment. When the State of Virginia proposed, about the time of the beginning of the Taft Administration, to place a statue of Gen. Robert E. Lee among the effigies of great Americans grouped in the Capitol at Washington, the veterans of the Grand Army uttered some rather loud remonstrances. Tanner did not join in their protest. On the contrary, he embraced his first opportunity, in a public address, to declare that he had no objection if Virginia wished thus to commemorate "the superb character of General Lee as citizen, soldier, and Christian." But he took pains to add that his admiration of that character must not be construed as an approval of the General's course at the outbreak of the Rebellion. "If I had been fed, clothed, and educated by the Government as General Lee was," said he, "and had on so many occasions sworn to support and defend the Union, I should have stood by the Union to the last ditch!"

The Grand Army is fast fading away. Tanner is one of its youngest members, having enlisted in the volunteer army when he was only seventeen. In view of all he has experienced of physical crippling and its sequelæ of hardship, he carries his burden of seventy-three years remarkably well; but now that the war with Germany has so far obliterated sectional asperities and party divisions at home, it is unlikely that we shall hear his voice often hereafter, and with him we shall note the passing of a type.

TATTLER

Reviews of Plays

"THE INNER MAN"

IT must be annoying to Galsworthy when problems, more or less his own through subtle and poignant treatment, are coolly annexed by American playwrights and revamped and cheapened down to the supposed level of cis-Atlantic audiences. This happened to his "Man of Property" in Broadhurst's "Bought and Paid For" some years ago. Not being a man who believes in enforcement of rights of ownership, he seems to have raised no protest at the time. Now another author, by the name of Abraham Schomer, takes the central idea of "Justice" and in "The Inner Man" optimizes it with words of one syllable for people who have not yet had time to read Galsworthy, Shaw, and Brieux. A prologue, discussing the physiology and psychology of crime, quite the most elementary and unsubtle imaginable, precedes the play. After that the audience has to watch the slow and unconvincing conversion of a double-dyed habitué of penal institutions under the sweetening touch of kindness and humanity. Wilton Lackaye does his best to look like a criminal sweetening, but quite plainly enjoys the relapse allowed him, towards the end of the last act, into villany with a double-barrelled revolver and the green lights on. But not for long. The next minute he has to pay for his flash of fun by a real and permanent repentance and a return to very unattractive domesticity. His excellent melodrama may pull the play through in spite of its author. But, in any event, it will be a narrow squeak.

A.

"DAYBREAK"

IF "Daybreak," at the Harris Theatre, only did "baffle the audience till the last act," as enthusiastic newspaper reviewers have written, it would be a more interesting play. Jane Cowl, collaborating with Jane Murfin in its authorship, has betrayed the quality of the instruction in drama that an intimate acquaintance of a number of years with the American stage from behind the footlights gives the writer. Her mechanical contrivance, with its villain of blackest dye, its heroine of spotless radiance and nobility, its rather casual hero, appearing just in time to make love to the widowed heroine as the dead body of the villanous husband is borne out, catches in its facets the reflected gleams of a decade of Broadway melodramas. To the attentive auditor, the interest of suspense is subordinate to the interest in seeing all these old, stagy, and—we must confess—likable characters and situations trotted out again; we take the delight in them that we take in old books and old recitations repeated. The villain is a brute who mistreats his wife so that she conceals the birth of her child from him and brings it up apart. Her night visits to the child's bedside when it is ill arouse his suspicions; he has her "shadowed" by the familiar sort of detective; his aspersions upon her innocence are resented by the familiar sort of mutual friend, and finally the ugly truth is told him by the doctor whom he is accusing as his wife's seducer. He is rich in the familiar way; and meanwhile his own corruption of the familiar weak wife of a familiar type of factory subordinate has made possible his violent death.

A. N.

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"EYES OF YOUTH"

WHETHER you care for this play, produced at Maxine Elliott's Theatre, will depend upon what you expect of drama. If you are in search of novelty at the cost of all else, there is something, though not much, to be said for "Eyes of Youth." The novelty is, in fact, not entirely fresh. It is only a variation of a feature introduced into a play a year or two ago which began with a trial scene and then reverted years at a time to actions leading up to and including the crime. This was after the best manner of the moving picture. It was of course easy to vary this device, as the authors have done in the present play by letting the audience look into the future. Crystal gazing was all that was required. Hence we have a heroine who when confronted with a serious predicament simply looks ahead five years by means of a glass furnished by a yogi in order to decide among the three possibilities which are open to her. In each case a scene is presented revealing her in circumstances which might have been had she made this, that, or the other choice. This is undoubtedly the sort of thing which gives Broadway a momentary thrill. Yet once the audience grasps the idea, the interest in it almost entirely evaporates. For the scenes themselves are stereotyped and have no particular reference to the character of the heroine.

Finance

Government Price-Fixing, Now and Later

THE Stock Exchange was primarily influenced, last week, by the announcements from Washington, of prices fixed by the Government for certain articles in which war conditions have caused an abnormal rise. Regulation of the wheat market, after the rise to $3.50 per bushel, was generally recognized as unavoidable, because the bids of the belligerent Powers for future delivery, backed by unlimited resources, had absolutely destroyed the normal balance of supply and demand. Regulation of steel prices was similarly taken for granted; in that market, similar Government bids had carried prices for prompt delivery, for use in making war material, to heights which equally upset the basis for ordinary trade.

When, however, the President by executive order fixed $2 per ton, at the mine, for bituminous coal which had lately been carried as high as $6.50, the financial markets took alarm. The advance had been so extravagant, and in general so economically indefensible, that even the coal trade had expected some compulsory readjustment. But the reduction was greater than had been anticipated; it started the talk of possible unsettlement of industry through too drastic application of the Government's new price-fixing powers.

The immediate questions, raised by the establishment through Government order of lower prices for one or another staple product, are how the net profits of the industry will be affected, whether the less favorably situated concerns may not be forced out of the trade, and how far the impulse to productive activity may be checked by fear of further narrowing of the margin between producing cost and the Government's price. An ulterior question has to do with the possible effect of such reduction of prices on Congressional estimates of revenue from the war-profits tax. In the main, the feeling of the business community is, that the officials in charge of the readjustment in prices are intelligent men, who will do their best to avoid manifest injustice, and will not kill the goose for the sake of the golden egg. This consideration, and knowledge that a situation had been created by the war which forced the Government to act, are the factors of reassurance.

Much less is said as to what all this will mean when the war is over. The history of other great wars has usually shown that the abnormal expedients, adopted because of abnormal war conditions, remained fastened on the community for some time after return of peace. They were often (like our irredeemable currency of the 'sixties) difficult to shake off; but as a rule the State got rid of them before very many years.

It may be so with the host of new expedients, notably in the economic field, which this war has brought into the foreground throughout the world. But the problem will in many ways be unusual. No previous war in history has tried the experiment of State socialism, of Government control of industry, on any such scale. Since our own entry into war, it is practically correct to say that the whole world has engaged in the undertaking. Practically no civilized nation is left to-day with its industries conducted on the basis of four years ago. Furthermore, this huge experiment by society as a whole came on the heels of a rapidly extending propaganda in behalf of this very extension of the powers of government.

It is as impossible to read the future in such matters as it is in the question of political institutions and relationships. The one certainty which thinking men recognized, when this epoch-making conflict broke out, was that the world which will emerge from it will be a very different world from that which entered it. Probably we shall learn some useful lessons even from the most dangerous experiments of war time. It is reasonable to believe that many grave defects of the economic system as it existed before the war will have been exposed by this crucial test. From the new experiments, at least some new principles will certainly be recognized and permanently maintained.

Beyond that, there is only a sea of conjecture ahead of us. Yet the outlook must have seemed exactly the same after every other great war—after the Napoleonic conflict, for instance, and after our own struggle of the 'sixties. The difference is likely to be a difference in degree, or in the kind of public institutions affected. In 1815 and 1865 they were perhaps more political and less economic than they will be at the end of this war; and yet political institutions, a century and half a century later, were what we knew them, and they were not what was feared by a good many thoughtful people when either war ended.

Our own financial and economic experience may easily be the same on this occasion. Even in such a matter as the present suppression of speculation in contracts for future delivery in certain articles (from which hasty thinkers are drawing large inferences as to the future), it may be discovered, after the war, and when the Government has relinquished its abnormal war powers, that the speculative market will be as absolute a necessity to the conducting of legitimate trade as it was before we went to war. The reason why the gloomier prophecies were not fulfilled on those earlier occasions is that the people, taken as a whole, have a reserve of common-sense which in the long run always surprises history.

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Summary of the News

ADMINISTRATIVE developments at Washington continue to be rapid. The President issued early last week an order fixing the price of bituminous coal at the mines at a rate which averages $2 a ton for the mine-run, but which varies according to the district. This was followed by an order fixing the price of anthracite at from $4 to $5.30 a ton at the mine, according to grade; and by a statement of the conditions under which jobbers would be permitted to operate. Jobbers of anthracite are to be allowed from 20 to 30 cents a ton profit, and jobbers of soft coal 15 cents a ton, while both are to be controlled by licenses. If necessary, a minute control of retailers will also be instituted. The lowering of prices in the case of anthracite will not be considerable, but will be in that of bituminous coal; the aroused Middle Western States profess satisfaction with the new prices. President Harry A. Garfield, under whom a board is now preparing to fix the price of wheat for 1917, is also made Coal Administrato[r] agreement has been reached by [a]ll the Allied nations will make th[e] [p]hases through a board composed o[f] [W]. M. Baruch, Robert S. Lovett, a[nd] [H]. S. Brookings. To solve the l[a]bor disputes threatening in the shipbuild[ing] [in]dustry, the Government and the Ame[rican] Federation of Labor have agreed up[on] Adjustment Commission, to consist [of] representatives of the Government, of t[he] Federation, of the Shipping Board, and [in] cases also of the Navy Department [and] local labor organization affected.

DEBATE on the War Re[venue] Bill occupied most of last week [in the] Senate, and is being continued this [week.] Senators Borah, Hollis, La Follet[te,] Moore, and others are struggling for a [more] conscription of wealth, and a v[ariety] of proposals looking to that end [have] been offered. Last Thursday the [Senate] threw out the levy on incomes form[ulated] by the Finance Committee, and [adopted] a much higher rate of levy. T[he] tax section as recast embraces a [graduated] tax running from 13¾ per cent. [on] incomes from $60,000 to $80,000, to 5[0] per cent. upon incomes between $300,000 and $500,000; while upon incomes running up from $500,000 a tax of from 35 to 50 per cent. is provided. The next day a still higher schedule of income taxation proposed by Senator La Follette, which would have levied 45 per cent. on all incomes above $2,000,000, was rejected. The struggle impending now is over the rate of tax on war profits. One radical group is determined to offer an amendment calling for a flat tax of 80 per cent.—the British rate—and if this fails, to fight for a rate, whether flat or graduated, which reaches the mark of 65 per cent. The form of the bill submitted calls for a tax-rate graduated according to the amount of the war profit to run from 12 per cent. to 50 per cent. Minor features are also being considered.

FOLLOWING slight friction between soldiers and the local police, about 125 members of the Twenty-fourth Infantry (colored) stationed at Houston, Tex., on the night of August 23 precipitated a race riot in which seventeen persons were killed and a large number injured. The negroes stole company ammunition and shot indiscriminately through the city till halted by Illinois guardsmen, police, and armed citizens. The soldiers have been removed to Columbus, N. M., and the rioters will be tried by court-martial. The event has made acute the question of the quartering of colored troops in the South, to which Southern communities had already objected.

A REPORT by the Navy Department finds that the Mare Island magazine explosion of July 9 last (the basis of the Navy League's preposterous attacks upon Secretary Daniels) was "the deliberate act of some person or persons unknown," and states that the investigation is being diligently pursued.

LITTLE progress has been made towards the understanding among the belligerents at which the Pope aimed in his peace message. The Reichstag is again sitting, and Dr. Michaelis last week informed its main committee that the German Government was as yet unable to agree with its allies upon the reply to be returned. This is interpreted as meaning that Germany desires conditional acceptance of the terms laid down, that Austria desires complete acceptance, and that Bulgaria insists on annexations. Michaelis states that he must speak "with reserve as to details," but that the Pope's message "corresponds generally to our own expressed attitude." The Socialist and Radical newspapers and leaders again demand a clear statement by the Chancellor of his adherence to the Reichstag majority resolution in favor of a peace without annexations or indemnities. In France and Italy the successful new offensives are regarded as an answer to the Pope's message. A letter of Secretary Redfield's has been made public in which he declares that proposals for a candid statement of America's terms are "a trap for the unwary," and that if the war "is not fought out today it will have to be fought out later on."

DECISIONS have been announced upon some of the questions under discussion by our Government and representatives of European neutrals desiring our exports. More than thirty Dutch ships are to be allowed to sail at once from New York with grain owned by the Dutch Government, on condition that the greater part of the grain shall go to Belgium. The Swedish Government has sold at cost to the Belgian Relief Commission 552,000 bushels of wheat held in this country by it since January. An agreement with Norway upon Norwegian imports is being completed.

THE French and Italian offensives whose beginning we recorded last week have made brilliant progress. The French have taken and held a large number of positions made famous in the Crown Prince's disastrous attempt to reach Verdun, having pressed forward in front of that fortress to an average depth of two miles on a ten-mile front. Avocourt Wood, Le Mort Homme, Talou Hill, Hill 304, the Fosses, and Beaumont Woods are in their hands; they have reached Bethincourt, Beaumont, and Forges Brook. The number of prisoners taken up to August 27 exceeded 9,200. The Italians have taken Monte Santo, north of Gorizia; and along the coast to the south have captured Selo and are storming Hermada Heights, the chief barrier on the Carso Plateau before Trieste. The number of Austrians captured was placed August 26 at 23,600, with 75 guns and vast stores. Trieste is already stated to be under fire from the sea, where the Italians have brought up monitors. On the other hand, Austria claims 3,250 Italian prisoners. The Germans created a temporary alarm last week by an advance against Riga, which carried them to some points on the River Aa; but they appear to have been checked there, as they have been in Volhynia and Rumania. The British have made advances at Hargicourt and on the Ypres-Menin road, and the Canadians in the outskirts of Lens, where on August 22 they announced the capture of nearly 1,400 men within the week. Between April 9 and that date, it was announced from London, the Allies had taken 167,780 Germans and Austrians, of whom the British had made the largest single bag—46,155 Germans.

THE new Russian National Council opened August 26 in Moscow, when Premier Kerensky, who presided, made a speech lasting an hour and a half. The Premier warned "those who think that the moment has come to overthrow the revolutionary power with bayonets" that his Government, which he felt confident was supported by the millions of the nation, would brook no trifling. He warned, also, those discontented elements which, like Finland, wished to take advantage of Russian disorganization, that any show of hostility would be met in a way to make them remember the name of Czarism. Declaring that the destructive period was past, the constructive period at hand, he urged the nation to assume the sacrifices demanded by "the struggle against a powerful, organized, and implacable enemy." The first day was devoted to conferences of the various group[s] [of] delegates.

MR. HO[OVER] has reached an agreement with the producers of beet sugar by which they are to limit their prices to a figure which is expected to make possible a reduction of about one and a half cents per pound. Owing to the exorbitant amounts asked by holders of the Cuban crop, the prices have advanced by about so much within the last few weeks. The rate fixed for traders is $7.25 per hundred pounds at [Cu]ban refining points, and a definite [ra]te at which wholesale sugar should be delivered will be named later.

THE War Relief Clearing House, which for more than two years has been the shipping agency for some 5,000 war-relief charities in the United States, has announced that it will close its shipping department September 1. Relief supplies after that date will be forwarded by the American Red Cross.

FOUR German steamships, totalling about 20,000 tons, have been delivered by President Menocal of Cuba to the Shipping Board, to be used without restriction by the United States.

THE general strike called in Spain is apparently to be brought to a peaceful termination, though there was sporadic rioting and the Government has published an official list of nearly 400 killed. The disturbances centred in Bilbao and Barcelona, where the disorders were greatest; at the former place a republican movement was reported to have been crushed at the cost of 300 lives. For a time all Liberal newspapers were suspended.

SPECIAL indignation has been excited by well-authenticated reports that during the height of the fighting before Verdun, German aviators attacked three French hospital posts at night behind the lines, killing many wounded men, surgeons, and nurses.

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BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION

Blackwood, A. Day and Night Stories. Dutton. $1.50 net.
Bower, B. M. The Lookout Man. Little, Brown. $1.35 net.
Burke, T. Limehouse Nights. McBride. $1.50 net.
Canfield, D. Understood Betsy. Holt. $1.30 net.
Dalrymple, L. Kenny. Reilly & Britton. $1.35 net.
Galsworthy, J. Beyond. Scribner. $1.50 net.
Garland, H. A Son of the Middle Border. Macmillan. $1.60 net.
Greene, H. The Flag: A Patriotic Story. Jacobs. $1.25 net.
Hamilton, C. Scandal. Little, Brown. $1.50 net.
Maniates, B. K. Amarilly in Love. Little, Brown. $1.25 net.
Montgomery, L. M. Anne's House of Dreams. Stokes. $1.40 net.
Roche, A. S. The Sport of Kings. Bobbs-Merrill. $1.40 net.

MISCELLANEOUS

Azan, P. The War of Positions. Harvard University Press. $1.25 net.
Badley, J. H. Education After the War. Longmans, Green. $1.25 net.
Barrie, R. My Log. Philadelphia: The Franklin Press. $2 net.
Brooks, A. The Fighting Men. Scribner. $1.35 net.
Brooks, F. E. Patriotic Toasts. Chicago: Forbes & Co.
Butler, N. M. A World in Ferment. Interpretations of the War for a New World. Scribner. $1.25 net.
Crane, S. The Red Badge of Courage. New edition. Appleton. $1.
Dole, N. H. The Life of Lyof N. Tolstoi. Crowell.
Langdon, S. The Epic of Gilgamish. Philadelphia: The University Museum.
MacDougal, D. Scots and Scots' Descendants in America. New York: Caledonian Publishing Co.
Murray, G. Faith, War, and Policy. Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

Barton, G. A. The Religions of the World. University of Chicago Press. $1.50 net.
McKenzie, J. H. Spirit Intercourse, Its Theory and Practice. Mitchell Kennerley. $1.50 net.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS

Bryant, V. S. The Public School System. Longmans, Green. 50 cents net.
Cushman, R. E. Excess Condemnation. Appleton. $2 net.
Eldridge, H. F. Making Advertising Pay. Columbia, S. C.: The State.
Hammond, J. L. and B. The Town Labourer, 1760-1832. The New Civilization. Longmans, Green. $3.50 net.
Hurd, H. M., and Others. The Institutional Care of the Insane. Vol. IV. Baltimore, Md.: The Johns Hopkins Press.
Kawakami, K. K. Japan in World Politics. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Pickett, D., Wilson, C. T., and Smith, E. D. Cyclopedia of Temperance, Prohibition, and Public Morals. Methodist Book Concern.
Renault, L. First Violations of International Law by Germany. Translated by F. Carr. Longmans, Green. 75 cents net.
Scholefield, G. H. New Zealand in Evolution. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY

The Unwritten History of Braddock's Field. From the Celebration of the Golden Jubilee of Braddock, the Silver Jubilee of Rankin, and the 175th Anniversary of the First White Settlement West of the Alleghanies. Privately printed.

POETRY

Erskine, J. The Shadowed Hour. New York: Lyric Publishing Co. 75 cents.
Speakman, H. Songs of Hope. Crowell.
The Newark Anniversary Poems. New York: L. J. Gomme.

SCIENCE

Campbell, F. The Book of Home Nursing. Dutton. $1.25 net.
Gerrish, F. H. Sex-Hygiene. Badger. 60 cents net.
Millikan, R. A. The Electron: Its Isolation and Measurement and Determination of Some of Its Properties. University of Chicago Press. $1.50 net.
Muller, R. W. Hygiene of the Face and Cosmetic Guide. Dutton. $2 net.
Strouse, S. Food for the Sick. Philadelphia: Saunders. $1.50 net.

DRAMA AND MUSIC

Armstrong, A. F. The Play of Life. Badger. $1 net.
Massey, E. Plots and Playwrights. Little, Brown. $1 net.
Sardou, V. The Sorceress. Badger. $1 net.

ART

Puckler-Muskau, Prince von. Hints on Landscape Gardening. Houghton Mifflin. $3.50 net.
The Studio Year-Book of Decorative Art. Lane. $2.50.

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